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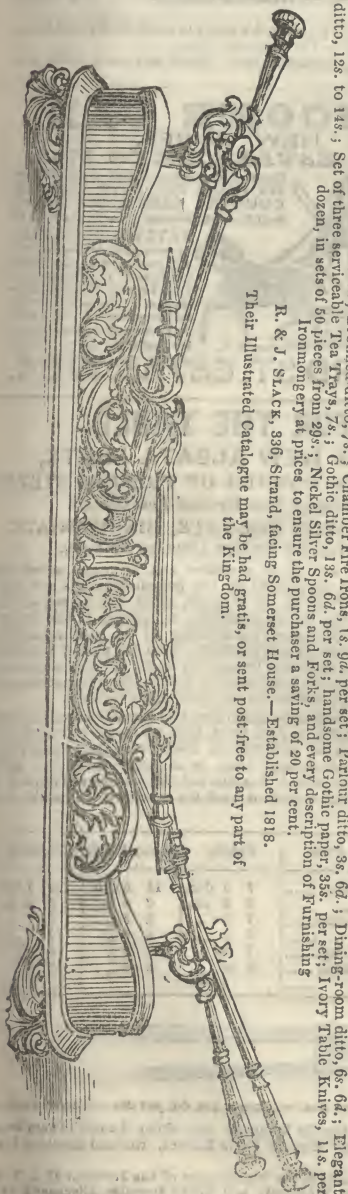
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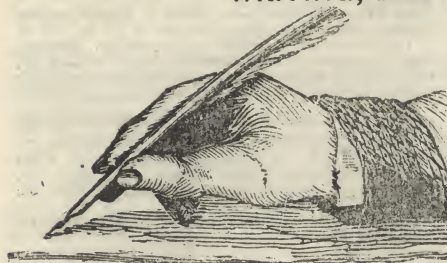
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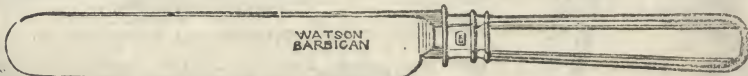
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Dessert Spoons...	12 6 "	16 6 "	1 5 0 "	Sauce Ladles.....	1 9 "	2 3 "	3 9 "
" Forks .....	12 6 "	16 6 "	1 5 0 "	Soup .....	6 6 "	8 0 "	11 0 "
Tea Spoons .....	5 6 "	8 0 "	13 6 "	Sugar Tongues.....	1 3 "	1 9 "	3 0 "
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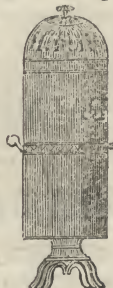
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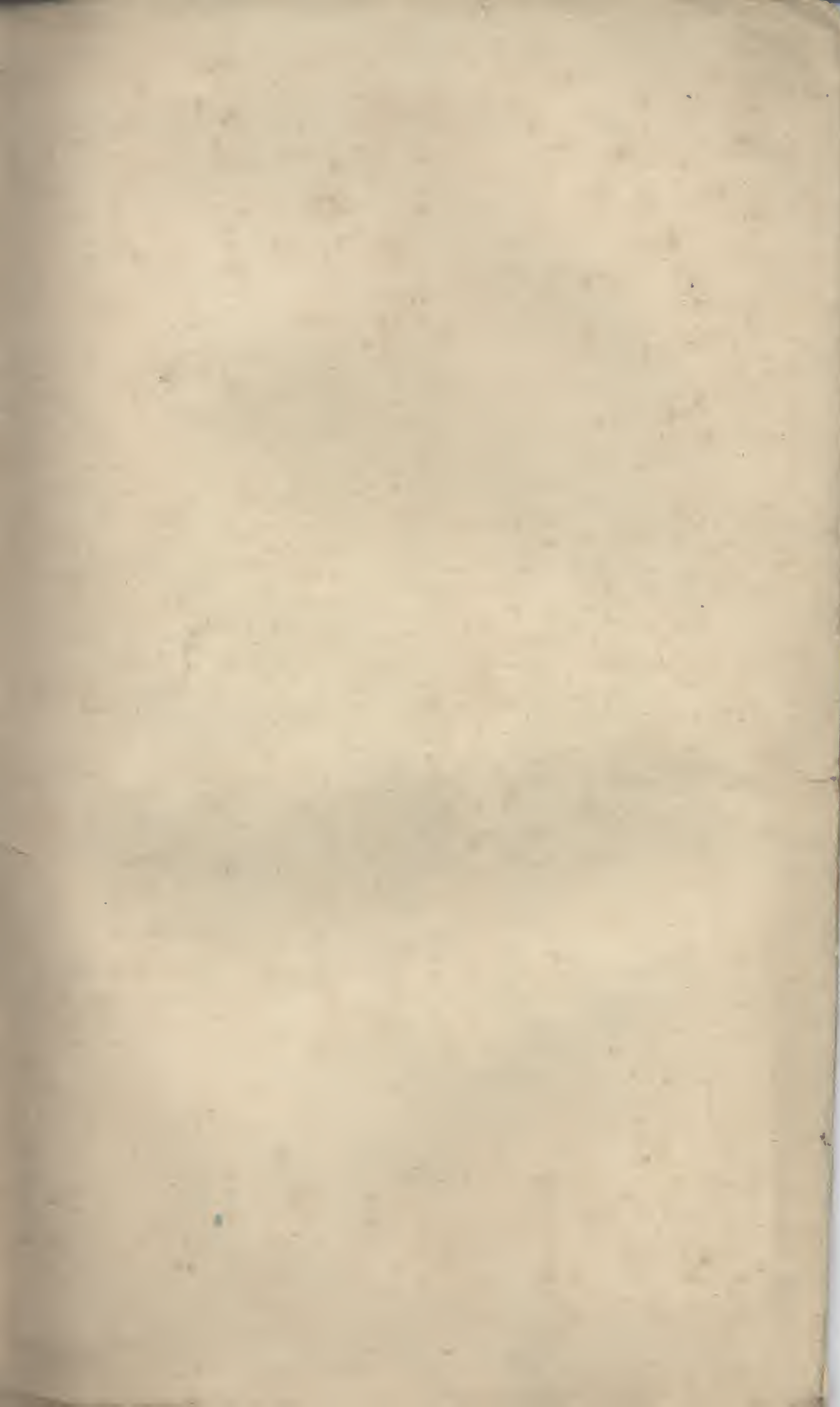
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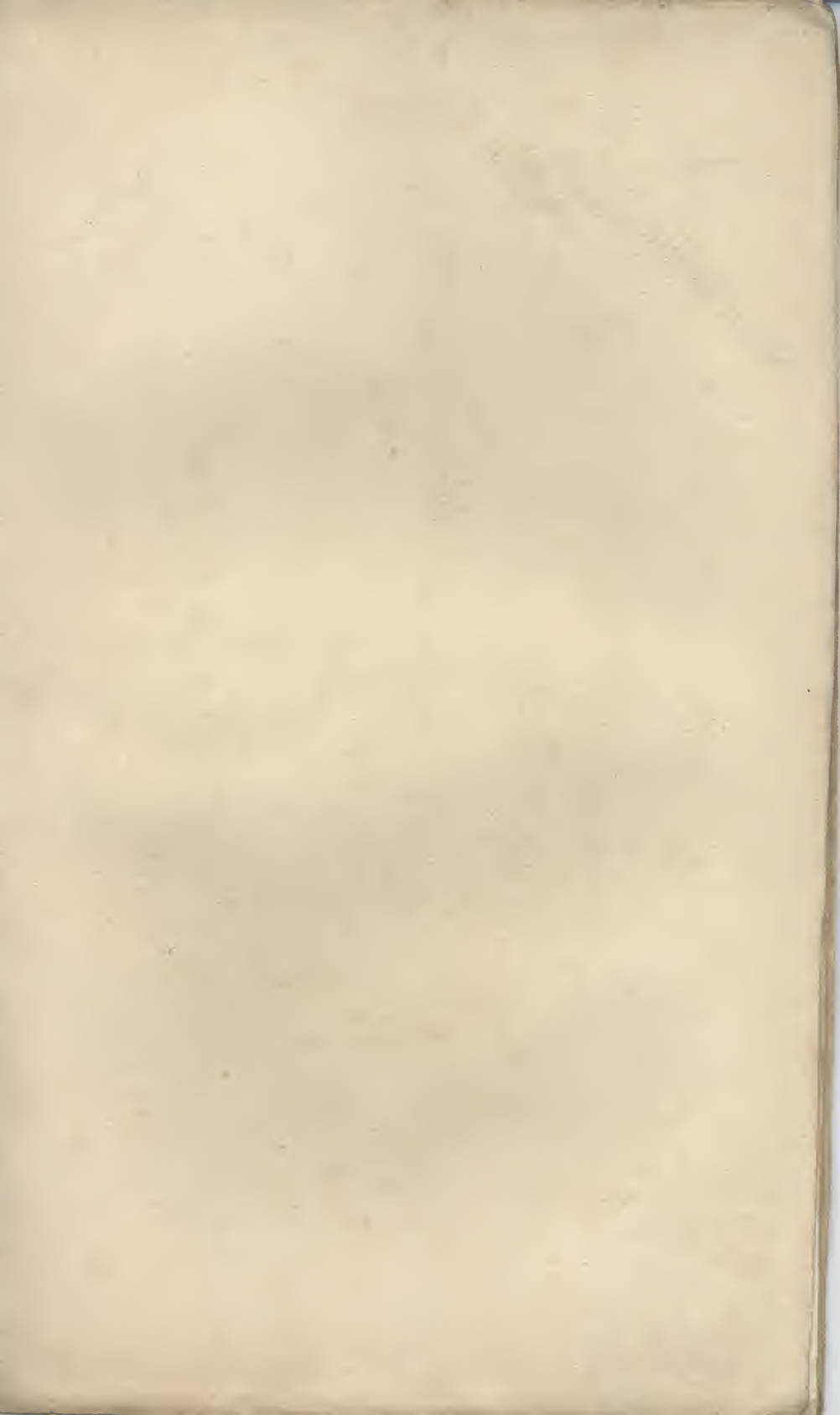






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*Martin is much gratified by an unexpected result.*



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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

FURTHER PROCEEDINGS IN EDEN, AND A PROCEEDING OUT OF IT.  
MARTIN MAKES A DISCOVERY OF SOME IMPORTANCE.

FROM Mr. Moddle to Eden is an easy and natural transition. Mr. Moddle, living in the atmosphere of Miss Pecksniff's love, dwelt (if he had but known it) in a terrestrial Paradise. The thriving city of Eden was also a terrestrial Paradise, upon the showing of its proprietors. The beautiful Miss Pecksniff might have been poetically described as a something too good for man in his fallen and degraded state. That was exactly the character of the thriving city of Eden, as poetically heightened by Zephaniah Scadder, General Choke, and other worthies: part and parcel of the talons of that great American Eagle, which is always airing itself sky-high in purest æther, and never, no never, never, tumbles down, with draggled wings, into the mud.

When Mark Tapley, leaving Martin in the architectural and surveying offices, had effectually strengthened and encouraged his own spirits by the contemplation of their joint misfortunes, he proceeded, with new cheerfulness, in search of help: congratulating himself, as he went along, on the enviable position to which he had at last attained.

"I used to think, sometimes," said Mr. Tapley, "as a desolate island would suit me, but I should only have had myself to provide for there, and being naterally a easy man to manage, there would n't have been much credit in *that*. Now here I've got my partner to take care on, and he's something like the sort of man for the purpose. I want a man as is always a sliding off his legs when he ought to be on 'em. I want a man as is so low down in the school of life, that he's always a making figures of one in his copy-book, and can't get no further. I want a man as is his own great coat and cloak, and is always a wrapping himself up in himself. And I have got him too," said Mr. Tapley, after a moment's silence. "What a happiness!"

He paused to look round, uncertain to which of the log-houses he should repair.

"I don't know which to take," he observed; "that's the truth. They're equally prepossessing outside, and equally commodious, no doubt, within; being fitted up with every convenience that a Alligator, in a state of natur', could possibly require. Let me see! The citizen as turned out last night lives under water, in the right hand dog-kennel at the corner. I don't want to trouble him if I can help it, poor man, for he is a melancholy object: a reg'lar Settler in every respect. There's a house with a winder, but I'm afraid of their being proud. I don't know whether a door ain't too aristocratic; but here goes for the first one!"

He went up to the nearest cabin, and knocked with his hand. Being desired to enter, he complied.

"Neighbour," said Mark ; "for I *am* a neighbour, though you don't know me ; I've come a begging. Hallo ! hal—lo !—— Am I a-bed, and dreaming ! "

He made this exclamation on hearing his own name pronounced, and finding himself clasped about the skirts by two little boys, whose faces he had often washed, and whose suppers he had often cooked, on board of that noble, and fast-sailing line of packet ship, the *Screw*.

"My eyes is wrong !" said Mark. "I don't believe 'em. That ain't my fellow-passenger yonder, a nursing her little girl, who, I am sorry to see, is so delicate ; and that ain't her husband as come to New York to fetch her. Nor these," he added, looking down upon the boys, "ain't them two young shavers as was so familiar to me ; though they are uncommon like 'em. That I must confess."

The woman shed tears, in very joy to see him ; the man shook both his hands, and would not let them go ; the two boys hugged his legs ; the sick child, in the mother's arms, stretched out her burning little fingers, and muttered, in her hoarse, dry throat, his well-remembered name.

It was the same family, sure enough. Altered by the salubrious air of Eden. But the same.

"This is a new sort of a morning call," said Mark, drawing a long breath. "It strikes one all of a heap. Wait a little bit ! I'm a coming round, fast. That'll do ! These gentlemen ain't my friends. Are they on the visiting list of the house ?"

The inquiry referred to certain gaunt pigs, who had walked in after him, and were much interested in the heels of the family. As they did not belong to the mansion, they were expelled by the two little boys.

"I ain't superstitious about toads," said Mark, looking round the room, "but if you could prevail upon the two or three I see in company, to step out at the same time, my young friends, I think they'd find the open air refreshing. Not that I at all object to 'em. A very handsome animal is a toad," said Mr. Tapley, sitting down upon a stool : "very spotted ; very like a partickler style of old gentleman about the throat ; very bright-eyed, very cool, and very slippery. But one sees 'em to the best advantage out of doors perhaps."

While pretending, with such talk as this, to be perfectly at his ease, and to be the most indifferent and careless of men, Mark Tapley had an eye on all around him. The wan and meagre aspect of the family, the changed looks of the poor mother, the fevered child she held in her lap, the air of great despondency and little hope on everything, were plain to him, and made a deep impression on his mind. He saw it all as clearly and as quickly, as with his bodily eyes he saw the rough shelves supported by pegs driven between the logs, of which the house was made ; the flour-cask in the corner, serving also for a table ; the blankets, spades, and other articles against the walls ; the damp that blotched the ground ; or the crop of vegetable rottenness in every crevice of the hut.

"How is it that you have come here ?" asked the man, when their first expressions of surprise were over.

"Why, we come by the steamer last night," replied Mark. "Our



intention is to make our fortunes with punctuality and dispatch; and to retire upon our property as soon as ever it's realised. But how are you all? You're looking noble!"

"We are but sickly now," said the poor woman, bending over her child. "But we shall do better when we are seasoned to the place."

"There are some here," thought Mark, "whose seasoning will last for ever."

But he said cheerfully, "Do better! To be sure you will. We shall all do better. What we've got to do, is, to keep up our spirits, and be neighbourly. We shall come all right in the end, never fear. That reminds me, by the bye, that my partner's all wrong just at present; and that I looked in, to beg for him. I wish you'd come, and give me your opinion of him, master."

That must have been a very unreasonable request on the part of Mark Tapley, with which, in their gratitude for his kind offices on board the ship, they would not have complied instantly. The man rose to accompany him without a moment's delay. Before they went, Mark took the sick child in his arms, and tried to comfort the mother; but the hand of death was on it then, he saw.

They found Martin in the house, lying wrapped up in his blanket on the ground. He was, to all appearance, very ill indeed, and shook and shivered horribly: not as people do from cold, but in a frightful kind of spasm or convulsion, that racked his whole body. Mark's friend pronounced his disease an aggravated kind of fever, accompanied with ague; which was very common in those parts, and which he predicted would be worse to-morrow, and for many more to-morrows. He had had it himself off and on, he said, for a couple of years or so; but he was thankful that, while so many he had known had died about him, he had escaped with life.

"And with not too much of that," thought Mark, surveying his emaciated form. "Eden for ever!"

They had some medicine in their chest; and this man of sad experience showed Mark how and when to administer it, and how he could best alleviate the sufferings of Martin. His attentions did not stop there; for he was backwards and forwards constantly, and rendered Mark good service in all his brisk attempts to make their situation more endurable. Hope or comfort for the future he could not bestow. The season was a sickly one; the settlement a grave. His child died that night; and Mark, keeping the secret from Martin, helped to bury it, beneath a tree, next day.

With all his various duties of attendance upon Martin (who became the more exacting in his claims, the worse he grew), Mark worked out of doors, early and late; and with the assistance of his friend and others, laboured to do something with their land. Not that he had the least strength of heart or hope, or steady purpose in so doing, beyond the habitual cheerfulness of his disposition, and his amazing power of self-sustainment; for within himself, he looked on their condition as beyond all hope, and, in his own words, "came out strong" in consequence.

"As to coming out as strong as I could wish, Sir," he confided to Martin in a leisure moment; that is to say, one evening, while he was washing the linen of the establishment, after a hard day's work, "that I give up. It's a piece of good fortune as never is to happen to me, I see!"

"Would you wish for circumstances stronger than these?" Martin retorted with a groan, from underneath his blanket.

"Why, only see how easy they might have been stronger, Sir," said Mark, "if it wasn't for the envy of that uncommon fortune of mine, which is always after me, and tripping me up. The night we landed here, I thought things did look pretty jolly. I won't deny it. I thought they did look pretty jolly."

"How do they look now?" groaned Martin.

"Ah!" said Mark, "Ah to be sure. That's the question. How do they look now! On the very first morning of my going out, what do I do? Stumble on a family I know, who are constantly assisting of us in all sorts of ways, from that time to this! That won't do, you know: that ain't what I'd a right to expect. If I had stumbled on a serpent, and got bit; or stumbled on a first-rate patriot, and got bowie-knifed; or stumbled on a lot of Sympathizers with inverted shirt-collars, and got made a lion of; I might have distinguished myself, and earned some credit. As it is, the great object of my voyage is knocked on the head. So it would be, wherever I went. How do you feel to-night Sir?"

"Worse than ever," said poor Martin.

"That's something," returned Mark, "but not enough. Nothing but being very bad myself, and jolly to the last, will ever do me justice."

"In Heaven's name, don't talk of that," said Martin, with a thrill of terror. "What should I do, Mark, if you were taken ill!"

Mr. Tapley's spirits appeared to be stimulated by this remark, although it was not a very flattering one. He proceeded with his washing in a brighter mood; and observed "that his glass was a-rising."

"There's one good thing in this place, Sir," said Mr. Tapley, scrubbing away at the linen, "as disposes me to be jolly; and that is, that it's a reg'lar little United States in itself. There's two or three American settlers left; and they coolly comes over one, even here Sir, as if it was the wholesomest and loveliest spot in the world. But they're like the Cock that went and hid himself to save his life, and was found out by the noise he made. They can't help crowing. They was born to do it; and do it they must, whatever comes of it."

Glancing from his work, out at the door, as he said these words, Mark's eyes encountered a lean person in a blue frock and a straw hat, with a short black pipe in his mouth, and a great hickory stick, studded all over with knots, in his hand; who, smoking and chewing as he came along, and spitting frequently, recorded his progress by a train of decomposed tobacco on the ground.

"Here's one on 'em," cried Mark, "Hannibal Chollop."

"Don't let him in," said Martin, feebly.

"He won't want any letting in," replied Mark. "He'll come in, Sir." Which turned out to be quite true, for he did. His face was almost



as hard and knobby as his stick ; and so were his hands. His head was like an old black hearth-broom. He sat down on the chest with his hat on ; and crossing his legs and looking up at Mark, said, without removing his pipe :

"Well Mr. Co ! and how do you git along, Sir ?"

It may be necessary to observe that Mr. Tapley had gravely introduced himself to all strangers, by that name.

"Pretty well, Sir ; pretty well," said Mark.

"If this ain't Mr. Chuzzlewit, ain't it !" exclaimed the visitor. "How do *you* git along, Sir ?"

Martin shook his head, and drew the blanket over it involuntarily ; for he felt that Hannibal was going to spit ; and his eye, as the song says, was upon him.

"You need not regard me, Sir," observed Mr. Chollop, complacently. "I am fever-proof, and likewise agur."

"Mine was a more selfish motive," said Martin, looking out again.

"I was afraid you were going to——"

"I can calc'late my distance, Sir," returned Mr. Chollop, "to an inch."

With a proof of which happy faculty he immediately favoured him.

"I re-quire, Sir," said Hannibal, "two foot clear in a circ'lar di-rection and can engage my-self toe keep within it. I *have* gone ten foot, in a circ'lar di-rection, but that was for a wager."

"I hope you won it, Sir," said Mark.

"Well Sir, I realised the stakes," said Chollop. "Yes Sir."

He was silent for a time, during which he was actively engaged in the formation of a magic circle round the chest on which he sat. When it was completed, he began to talk again.

"How do you like our country, Sir ?" he inquired, looking at Martin.

"Not at all," was the invalid's reply.

Chollop continued to smoke without the least appearance of emotion, until he felt disposed to speak again. That time at length arriving, he took his pipe from his mouth, and said :

"I am not surprised to hear you say so. It re-quires An elevation, and A preparation of the intellect. The mind of man must be prepared for Freedom, Mr. Co."

He addressed himself to Mark : because he saw that Martin, who wished him to go, being already half-mad with feverish irritation which the droning voice of this new horror rendered almost insupportable, had closed his eyes, and turned on his uneasy bed.

"A little bodily preparation wouldn't be amiss, either, would it Sir," said Mark, "in the case of a blessed old swamp like this ?"

"Do you con-sider this a swamp, Sir ?" inquired Chollop gravely.

"Why yes, Sir," returned Mark. "I have n't a doubt about it, myself."

"The sentiment is quite European," said the Major, "and does not surprise me : what would your English millions say to such a swamp in England, Sir ?"

"They'd say it was an uncommon nasty one, I should think," said

Mark ; "and that they would rather be inoculated for fever in some other way."

"European !" remarked Chollop, with sardonic pity. "Quite European !"

And there he sat. Silent and cool, as if the house were his ; smoking away like a factory chimney.

Mr. Chollop was, of course, one of the most remarkable men in the country ; but he really was a notorious person besides. He was usually described by his friends, in the South and West, as "a splendid sample of our native raw material, Sir," and was much esteemed for his devotion to rational Liberty ; for the better propagation whereof he usually carried a brace of revolving-pistols in his coat pocket, with seven barrels apiece. He also carried, amongst other trinkets, a sword-stick, which he called his "Tickler ;" and a great knife, which (for he was a man of a pleasant turn of humour) he called "Ripper," in allusion to its usefulness as a means of ventilating the stomach of any adversary in a close contest. He had used these weapons with distinguished effect in several instances ; all duly chronicled in the newspapers ; and was greatly beloved for the gallant manner in which he had "jobbed out" the eye of one gentleman, as he was in the act of knocking at his own street-door.

Mr. Chollop was a man of a roving disposition ; and, in any less advanced community, might have been mistaken for a violent vagabond. But his fine qualities being perfectly understood and appreciated in those regions where his lot was cast, and where he had many kindred spirits to consort with, he may be regarded as having been born under a fortunate star, which is not always the case with a man so much before the age in which he lives. Preferring, with a view to the gratification of his tickling and ripping fancies, to dwell upon the outskirts of society, and in the more remote towns and cities, he was in the habit of emigrating from place to place, and establishing in each some business—usually a newspaper—which he presently sold : for the most part closing the bargain by challenging, stabbing, pistolling, or gouging, the new editor, before he had quite taken possession of the property.

He had come to Eden on a speculation of this kind, but had abandoned it, and was about to leave. He always introduced himself to strangers as a worshipper of Freedom ; was the consistent advocate of Lynch law, and slavery ; and invariably recommended, both in print and speech, the "tarring and feathering" of any unpopular person who differed from himself. He called this "planting the standard of civilisation in the wilder gardens of My country."

"There is little doubt that Chollop would have planted this standard in Eden at Mark's expense, in return for his plainness of speech (for the genuine Freedom is dumb save when she vaunts herself), but for the utter desolation and decay prevailing in the settlement, and his own approaching departure from it. As it was, he contented himself with showing Mark one of the revolving-pistols, and asking him what he thought of that weapon.



"It ain't long, since I shot a man down with that, Sir, in the State of Illinoy," observed Chollop.

"Did you, indeed!" said Mark, without the smallest agitation. "Very free of you. And very independent!"

"I shot him down Sir," pursued Chollop, "for asserting in the Spartan Portico, a tri-weekly journal, that the ancient Athenians went a-head of the present Locofoco Ticket."

"And what's that?" asked Mark.

"European not to know," said Chollop, smoking placidly. "European quite!"

After a short devotion to the interests of the magic circle, he resumed the conversation by observing:

"You won't half feel yourself at home in Eden, now?"

"No," said Mark, "I don't."

"You miss the imposts of your country. You miss the house dues?" observed Chollop.

"And the houses—rather," said Mark.

"No window dues here Sir," observed Chollop.

"And no windows to put 'em on," said Mark.

"No stakes, no dungeons, no blocks, no racks, no scaffolds, no thumb-screws, no pikes, no pillories," said Chollop.

"Nothing but revolvers and bowie knives," returned Mark. "And what are they? Not worth mentioning!"

The man who had met them on the night of their arrival came crawling up at this juncture, and looked in at the door.

"Well, Sir!" said Chollop. "How do *you* git along?"

He had considerable difficulty in getting along at all, and said as much in reply.

"Mr. Co And me, Sir," observed Chollop, "are disputating a piece. He ought to be slicked up pretty smart, to disputation between the Old World and the New, I do expect?"

"Well!" returned the miserable shadow. "So he had."

"I was merely observing, Sir," said Mark, addressing this new visitor, "that I looked upon the city in which we have the honour to live, as being swampy. What's your sentiments?"

"I opinionate it's moist, perhaps, at certain times," returned the man.

"But not as moist as England, Sir?" cried Chollop, with a fierce expression in his face.

"Oh! Not as moist as England; let alone its Institutions," said the man.

"I should hope their ain't a swamp in all Americay, as don't whip *that* small island into mush and molasses," observed Chollop, decisively. "You bought slick, straight, and right away, of Scadder, Sir?" to Mark.

He answered in the affirmative. Mr. Chollop winked at the other citizen.

"Scadder is a smart man, Sir? He is a rising man? He is a man as will come up'ards, right side up Sir?" Mr. Chollop winked again at the other citizen.

"He should have his right side very high up, if I had my way," said Mark. "As high up as the top of a good tall gallows, perhaps."

Mr. Chollop was so delighted at the smartness of his excellent countryman having been too much for the Britisher, and at the Britisher's resenting it, that he could contain himself no longer, and broke forth in a shout of delight. But the strangest exposition of this ruling passion was in the other: the pestilence-stricken, broken, miserable shadow of a man: who derived so much entertainment from the circumstance, that he seemed to forget his own ruin in thinking of it, and laughed outright when he said "that Scadder was a smart man, and had drawd a lot of British capital that way, as sure as sun-up."

After a full enjoyment of this joke, Mr. Hannibal Chollop sat smoking and improving the circle, without making any attempts either to converse, or to take leave; apparently labouring under the not uncommon delusion, that for a free and enlightened citizen of the United States to convert another man's house into a spittoon for two or three hours together, was a delicate attention, full of interest and politeness, of which nobody could ever tire. At last he rose.

"I am a going easy," he observed.

Mark entreated him to take particular care of himself.

"Afore I go," he said sternly, "I have got a leetle word to say to you. You are damnation 'cute, you are."

Mark thanked him for the compliment.

"But you are much too 'cute to last. I can't con-ceive of any spotted Painter in the bush, as ever was so riddled through and through as you will be, I bet."

"What for?" asked Mark.

"We must be cracked-up, Sir," retorted Chollop, in a tone of menace. "You are not now in A despotic land. We are a model to the airth, and must be jist cracked-up, I tell you."

"What, I speak too free, do I?" cried Mark.

"I have draw'd upon A man, and fired upon A man for less," said Chollop, frowning. "I have know'd strong men obleeged to make themselves uncommon skase for less. I have know'd men Lynched for less, and beaten into punkin'sarse for less, by an enlightened people. We are the intellect and virtue of the airth, the cream Of human natur', and the flower Of moral force. Our backs is easy ris. We must be cracked-up, or they rises, and we snarls. We shows our teeth, I tell you, fierce. You'd better crack us up, you had!"

After the delivery of this caution, Mr. Chollop departed; with Ripper, Tickler, and the revolvers, all ready for action on the shortest notice.

"Come out from under the blanket, Sir," said Mark, "he's gone. What's this!" he added softly: kneeling down to look into his partner's face, and taking his hot hand. "What's come of all that chattering and swaggering? He's wandering in his mind to-night, and don't know me!"

Martin indeed was dangerously ill; very near his death. He lay in that state many days, during which time Mark's poor friends, regardless of themselves, attended him. Mark, fatigued in mind and body; work-



ing all the day and sitting up at night ; worn with hard living and the unaccustomed toil of his new life ; surrounded by dismal and discouraging circumstances of every kind ; never complained or yielded in the least degree. If ever he had thought Martin selfish or inconsiderate, or had deemed him energetic only by fits and starts, and then too passive for their desperate fortunes, he now forgot it all. He remembered nothing but the better qualities of his fellow-wanderer, and was devoted to him, heart and hand.

Many weeks elapsed before Martin was strong enough to move about with the help of a stick and Mark's arm ; and even then his recovery, for want of wholesome air and proper nourishment, was very slow. He was yet in a feeble and weak condition, when the misfortune he had so much dreaded fell upon them. Mark was taken ill.

Mark fought against it ; but the malady fought harder, and his efforts were in vain.

"Floored for the present, Sir," he said one morning, sinking back upon his bed : "but jolly !"

Floored indeed, and by a heavy blow ! As any one but Martin might have known beforehand.

If Mark's friends had been kind to Martin (and they had been very), they were twenty times kinder to Mark. And now it was Martin's turn to work, and sit beside the bed and watch, and listen through the long, long nights, to every sound in the gloomy wilderness ; and hear poor Mr. Tapley, in his wandering fancy, playing at skittles in the Dragon, making love-remonstrances to Mrs. Lupin, getting his sea-legs on aboard the Screw, travelling with old Tom Pinch on English roads, and burning stumps of trees in Eden, all at once.

But whenever Martin gave him drink or medicine, or tended him in any way, or came into the house returning from some drudgery without, the patient Mr. Tapley brightened up, and cried : "I'm jolly, sir : I'm jolly !"

Now, when Martin began to think of this, and to look at Mark as he lay there ; never reproaching him by so much as an expression of regret ; never murmuring ; always striving to be manful and staunch ; he began to think, how was it that this man who had had so few advantages, was so much better than he who had had so many ? And attendance upon a sick bed, but especially the sick bed of one whom we have been accustomed to see in full activity and vigour, being a great breeder of reflection, he began to ask himself in what they differed.

He was assisted in coming to a conclusion on this head by the frequent presence of Mark's friend, their fellow-passenger across the ocean : which suggested to him that in regard to having aided her, for example, they had differed very much. Somehow he coupled Tom Pinch with this train of reflection ; and thinking that Tom would be very likely to have struck up the same sort of acquaintance under similar circumstances, began to think in what respects two people so extremely different were like each other, and were unlike him. At first sight there was nothing very distressing in these meditations, but they did undoubtedly distress him for all that.

Martin's nature was a frank and generous one; but he had been bred up in his grandfather's house; and it will usually be found, that the meaner domestic vices propagate themselves to be their own antagonists. Selfishness does this especially; so do suspicion, cunning, stealth, and covetous propensities. Martin had unconsciously reasoned as a child, "My guardian takes so much thought of himself, that unless I do the like by *myself*, I shall be forgotten." So he had grown selfish.

But he had never known it. If any one had taxed him with the vice, he would have indignantly repelled the accusation, and conceived himself unworthily aspersed. He never would have known it, but that being newly risen from a bed of dangerous sickness, to watch by such another couch, he felt how nearly Self had dropped into the grave, and what a poor, dependent, miserable thing it was.

It was natural for him to reflect—he had months to do it in—upon his own escape, and Mark's extremity. This led him to consider which of them could be the better spared, and why? Then the curtain slowly rose a very little way; and Self, Self, Self, was shown below.

He asked himself, besides, when dreading Mark's decease (as all men do and must, at such a time), whether he had done his duty by him, and had deserved and made a good response to his fidelity and zeal. No. Short as their companionship had been, he felt in many, many instances, that there was blame against himself; and still inquiring why, the curtain slowly rose a little more, and Self, Self, Self, dilated on the scene.

It was long before he fixed the knowledge of himself so firmly in his mind that he could thoroughly discern the truth; but in the hideous solitude of that most hideous place, with Hope so far removed, Ambition quenched, and Death beside him rattling at the very door, reflection came, as in a plague-beleaguered town; and so he felt and knew the failing of his life, and saw distinctly what an ugly spot it was.

Eden was a hard school to learn so hard a lesson in; but there were teachers in the swamp and thicket, and the pestilential air, who had a searching method of their own.

He made a solemn resolution that when his strength returned he would not dispute the point or resist the conviction, but would look upon it as an established fact, that selfishness was in his breast, and must be rooted out. He was so doubtful (and with justice) of his own character, that he determined not to say one word of vain regret or good resolve to Mark, but steadily to keep his purpose before his own eyes solely: and there was not a jot of pride in this; nothing but humility and steadfastness: the best armour he could wear. So low had Eden brought him down. So high had Eden raised him up.

After a long and lingering illness (in certain forlorn stages of which, when too far gone to speak, he had feebly written "jolly!" on a slate), Mark showed some symptoms of returning health. They came, and went, and flickered for a time; but he began to mend at last decidedly; and after that, continued to improve from day to day.

As soon as he was well enough to talk without fatigue, Martin consulted him upon a project he had in his mind, and which a few months



back he would have carried into execution without troubling anybody's head but his own.

"Ours is a desperate case," said Martin. "Plainly. The place is deserted ; its failure must have become known ; and selling what we have bought to any one, for anything, is hopeless, even if it were honest. We left home on a mad enterprise, and have failed. The only hope left us : the only one end for which we have now to try, is to quit this settlement for ever, and get back to England. Any how ! by any means ! Only to get back there, Mark."

"That 's all, Sir," returned Mr. Tapley, with a significant stress upon the words : "only that !"

"Now, upon this side of the water," said Martin, "we have but one friend who can help us, and that is Mr. Bevan."

"I thought of him when you was ill," said Mark.

"But for the time that would be lost, I would even write to my grandfather," Martin went on to say, "and implore him for money to free us from this trap into which we were so cruelly decoyed. Shall I try Mr. Bevan first ?"

"He 's a very pleasant sort of a gentleman," said Mark. "I think so."

"The few goods we bought here, and in which we spent our money, would produce something if sold," resumed Martin ; "and whatever they realise shall be paid him instantly. But they can't be sold here."

"There 's nobody but corpses to buy 'em," said Mr. Tapley, shaking his head with a rueful air, "and pigs."

"Shall I tell him so, and only ask him for money enough to enable us by the cheapest means to reach New York, or any port from which we may hope to get a passage home, by serving in any capacity ? Explaining to him at the same time how I am connected, and that I will endeavour to repay him, even through my grandfather, immediately on our arrival in England ?"

"Why to be sure," said Mark : "he can only say no, and he may say yes. If you don't mind trying him, Sir—"

"Mind !" exclaimed Martin. "I am to blame for coming here, and I would do anything to get away. I grieve to think of the past. If I had taken your opinion sooner, Mark, we never should have been here, I am certain."

Mr. Tapley was very much surprised at this admission, but protested, with great vehemence, that they would have been there all the same ; and that he had set his heart upon coming to Eden, from the first word he had ever heard of it.

Martin then read him a letter to Mr. Bevan, which he had already prepared. It was frankly and ingenuously written, and described their situation without the least concealment ; plainly stated the miseries they had undergone ; and preferred their request in modest but straightforward terms. Mark highly commended it ; and they determined to despatch it by the next steam-boat going the right way, that might call to take in wood at Eden,—where there was plenty of wood to spare. Not knowing how to address Mr. Bevan at his own place of abode, Martin superscribed it to the care of the memorable Mr. Norris of New York,

and wrote upon the cover an entreaty that it might be forwarded without delay.

More than a week elapsed before a boat appeared ; but at length they were awakened very early one morning by the high-pressure snorting of the "Esau Slodge :" named after one of the most remarkable men in the country, who had been very eminent somewhere. Hurrying down to the landing-place, they got it safe on board ; and waiting anxiously to see the boat depart, stopped up the gangway : an instance of neglect which caused the "Capting" of the Esau Slodge to "wish he might be sifted fine as flour, and whittled small as chips ; that if they didn't come off that there fixing, right smart too, he'd spill 'em in the drink : " whereby the Capting metaphorically said he'd throw them in the river.

They were not likely to receive an answer for eight or ten weeks at the earliest. In the meantime they devoted such strength as they had, to the attempted improvement of their land ; to clearing some of it, and preparing it for useful purposes. Monstrously defective as their farming was, still it was better than their neighbours' ; for Mark had some practical knowledge of such matters, and Martin learned of him ; whereas the other settlers who remained upon the putrid swamp (a mere handful, and those withered by disease), appeared to have wandered there with the idea that husbandry was the natural gift of all mankind. They helped each other after their own manner in these struggles, and in all others ; but they worked as hopelessly and sadly as a gang of convicts in a penal settlement.

Often at night when Mark and Martin were alone, and lying down to sleep, they spoke of home, familiar places, houses, roads, and people whom they knew ; sometimes in the lively hope of seeing them again, and sometimes with a sorrowful tranquillity, as if that hope were dead. It was a source of great amazement to Mark Tapley to find, pervading all these conversations, a singular alteration in Martin.

"I don't know what to make of him," he thought one night, "he ain't what I supposed. He don't think of himself half as much. I'll try him again. Asleep Sir ?"

"No, Mark."

"Thinking of home Sir ?"

"Yes, Mark."

"So was I Sir. I was wondering how Mr. Pinch and Mr. Pecksniff gets on now."

"Poor Tom !" said Martin, thoughtfully.

"Weak-minded man Sir," observed Mr. Tapley. "Plays the organ for nothing Sir. Takes no care of himself ?"

"I wish he took a little more, indeed," said Martin. "Though I don't know why I should. We should n't like him half as well, perhaps."

"He gets put upon Sir," hinted Mark.

"Yes," said Martin, after a short silence. "I know that, Mark."

He spoke so regretfully, that his partner abandoned the theme, and was silent for a short time, until he had thought of another.

"Ah, Sir !" said Mark, with a sigh. "Dear me ! You've ventured a good deal for a young lady's love !"



"I tell you what. I'm not so sure of that, Mark," was the reply : so hastily and energetically spoken, that Martin sat up in his bed to give it. "I begin to be far from clear upon it. You may depend upon it, she is very unhappy. She has sacrificed her peace of mind ; she has endangered her interests very much ; she can't run away from those who are jealous of her, and opposed to her, as I have done. She has to endure, Mark : to endure without the possibility of action, poor girl ! I begin to think she has more to bear than ever I have had. Upon my soul I do !"

Mr. Tapley opened his eyes wide, in the dark ; but did not interrupt.

"And I'll tell you a secret, Mark," said Martin, "since we *are* upon this subject. That ring—"

"Which ring, Sir ?" Mark inquired : opening his eyes still wider.

"That ring she gave me when we parted, Mark. She bought it ; bought it ; knowing I was poor and proud (Heaven help me ! Proud !) and wanted money."

"Who says so, Sir ?" asked Mark.

"I say so. I know it. I thought of it, my good fellow, hundreds of times, while you were lying ill. And like a beast, I took it from her hand, and wore it on my own, and never dreamed of this even at the moment when I parted with it, when some faint glimmering of the truth might surely have possessed me ! But it's late," said Martin, checking himself, "and you are weak and tired, I know. You only talk to cheer me up. Good night ! God bless you, Mark !"

"God bless you, Sir ! But I'm reg'larly defrauded," thought Mr. Tapley, turning round, with a happy face. "It's a swindle. I never entered for this sort of service. There'll be no credit in being jolly with *him* !"

The time wore on, and other steam-boats coming from the point on which their hopes were fixed, arrived to take in wood ; but still no answer to the letter. Rain, heat, foul slime, and noxious vapour, with all the ills and filthy things they bred, prevailed. The earth, the air, the vegetation, and the water that they drank, all teemed with deadly properties. Their fellow-passenger had lost two children long before ; and buried now her last. Such things are much too common to be widely known or cared for. Smart citizens grow rich, and friendless victims smart and die, and are forgotten. That is all.

At last, a boat came panting up the ugly river, and stopped at Eden. Mark was waiting at the wood hut, when it came, and had a letter handed to him from on board. He bore it off to Martin. They looked at one another, trembling.

"It feels heavy," faltered Martin. And opening it, a little roll of dollar-notes fell out upon the ground.

What either of them said, or did, or felt, at first, neither of them knew. All Mark could ever tell was, that he was at the river's bank again out of breath, before the boat had gone, inquiring when it would retrace its track, and put in there.

The answer was, in ten or twelve days : notwithstanding which, they began to get their goods together and to tie them up, that very night.

When this stage of excitement was passed, each of them believed (they found this out, in talking of it afterwards) that he would surely die before the boat returned.

They lived, however, and it came, after the lapse of three long crawling weeks. At sunrise, on an autumn day, they stood upon her deck.

"Courage! We shall meet again!" cried Martin, waving his hand to two thin figures on the bank. "In the old world!"

"Or in the next one," added Mark below his breath. "To see them standing side by side, so quiet, is a'most the worst of all!"

They looked at one another, as the vessel moved away, and then looked backward at the spot from which it hurried fast. The log-house, with the open door, and drooping trees about it; the stagnant morning mist, and red sun, dimly seen beyond; the vapour rising up from land and river; the quick stream making the loathsome banks it washed, more flat and dull: how often they returned in dreams! How often it was happiness to wake, and find them Shadows that had vanished!

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH THE TRAVELLERS MOVE HOMEWARD, AND ENCOUNTER SOME  
DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS UPON THE WAY.

AMONG the passengers on board the steam-boat, there was a faint gentleman sitting on a low camp-stool, with his legs on a high barrel of flour, as if he were looking at the prospect with his ankles; who attracted their attention speedily.

He had straight black hair, parted up the middle of his head, and hanging down upon his coat; a little fringe of hair upon his chin; wore no neckcloth; a white hat; a suit of black, long in the sleeves, and short in the legs; soiled brown stockings, and laced shoes. His complexion, naturally muddy, was rendered muddier by too strict an economy of soap and water; and the same observation will apply to the washable part of his attire, which he might have changed with comfort to himself, and gratification to his friends. He was about five-and-thirty; was crushed and jammed up in a heap, under the shade of a large green cotton umbrella; and ruminated over his tobacco-plug like a cow.

He was not singular, to be sure, in these respects; for every gentleman on board appeared to have had a difference with his laundress, and to have left off washing himself in early youth. Every gentleman, too, was perfectly stopped up with tight plugging, and was dislocated in the greater part of his joints. But about this gentleman there was a peculiar air of sagacity and wisdom, which convinced Martin that he was no common character; and this turned out to be the case.

"How do you do, Sir?" said a voice in Martin's ear.

"How do you do, Sir?" said Martin.

It was a tall thin gentleman who spoke to him, with a carpet-cap on,



and a long loose coat of green baize, ornamented about the pockets with black velvet.

"You air from Europe, Sir?"

"I am," said Martin.

"You air fortunate, Sir."

Martin thought so too: but he soon discovered that the gentleman and he attached different meanings to this remark.

"You air fortunate, Sir, in having an opportunity of beholding our Elijah Pogram, Sir."

"Your Elijahpogram!" said Martin, thinking it was all one word, and a building of some sort.

"Yes, Sir."

Martin tried to look as if he understood him, but he could n't make it out.

"Yes, Sir," repeated the gentleman. "Our Elijah Pogram, Sir, is, at this minute, identically settin' by the en-gine biler."

The gentleman under the umbrella put his right forefinger to his eyebrow, as if he were revolving schemes of state.

"That is Elijah Pogram, is it?" said Martin.

"Yes, Sir," replied the other. "That is Elijah Pogram."

"Dear me!" said Martin. "I am astonished." But he had not the least idea who this Elijah Pogram was; having never heard the name in all his life.

"If the biler of this vessel was Toe bust, Sir," said his new acquaintance, "and Toe bust now, this would be a festival day in the calendar of despotism; pretty nigh equallin', Sir, in its effects upon the human race, our Fourth of glorious July. Yes, Sir, that is the Honourable Elijah Pogram, Member of Congress; one of the master-minds of our country, Sir. There is a brow, Sir, there!"

"Quite remarkable," said Martin.

"Yes, Sir. Our own immortal Chiggle, Sir," is said to have observed, when he made the celebrated Pogram statter in marble, which rose so much con-test and preju-dice in Europe, that the brow was more than mortal. This was before the Pogram Defiance, and was, therefore, a pre-diction, cruel smart."

"What is the Pogram Defiance?" asked Martin, thinking, perhaps, it was the sign of a public-house.

"An o-ration, Sir," returned his friend.

"Oh! to be sure," cried Martin. "What am I thinking of! It defied—"

"It defied the world, Sir," said the other gravely. "Defied the world in genral to com-pete with our country upon any hook; and devellop'd our internal resources for making war upon the universal airth. You would like to know Elijah Pogram, Sir?"

"If you please," said Martin.

"Mr. Pogram," said the stranger—Mr. Pogram having overheard every word of the dialogue—"this is a gentleman from Europe Sir; from England Sir. But gen'rous ene-mies may meet upon the neutral sile of private life, I think."

The languid Mr. Pogram shook hands with Martin, like a clock-work figure that was just running down. But he made amends by chewing like one that was just wound up.

"Mr. Pogram," said the introducer, "is a public servant, Sir. When Congress is recessed, he makes himself acquainted with those free United States, of which he is the gifted son."

It occurred to Martin, that if the Honourable Elijah Pogram had staid at home, and sent his shoes upon a tour, they would have answered the same purpose ; for they were the only part of him in a situation to see anything.

In course of time, however, Mr. Pogram rose ; and having ejected certain plugging consequences which would have impeded his articulation, took up a position where there was something to lean against, and began to talk to Martin : shading himself with the green umbrella all the time.

As he began with the words, "How do you like—?" Martin took him up, and said :

"The country I presume ?"

"Yes Sir," said Elijah Pogram. A knot of passengers gathered round to hear what followed ; and Martin heard his friend say, as he whispered to another friend, and rubbed his hands, "Pogram will smash him into sky-blue fits, I know !"

"Why," said Martin, after a moment's hesitation, "I have learned by experience, that you take an unfair advantage of a stranger, when you ask that question. You don't mean it to be answered, except in one way. Now, I don't choose to answer it in that way, for I cannot honestly answer it in that way. And therefore, I would rather not answer it at all."

But Mr. Pogram was going to make a great speech in the next session about foreign relations, and was going to write strong articles on the subject ; and as he greatly favoured the free and independent custom (a very harmless and agreeable one) of procuring information of any sort in any kind of confidence, and afterwards perverting it publicly in any manner that happened to suit him, he had determined to get at Martin's opinions somehow or other. For, if he could have got nothing out of him, he would have had to invent it for him, and that would have been laborious. He made a mental note of his answer, and went in again.

"You are from Eden Sir ? How did you like Eden ?"

Martin said what he thought of that part of the country, in pretty strong terms.

"It is strange," said Pogram, looking round upon the group, "this hatred of our country, and her Institutions ! This national antipathy is deeply rooted in the British mind !"

"Good Heaven, Sir !" cried Martin. "Is the Eden Land Corporation, with Mr. Scadder at its head ; and all the misery it has worked, at its door ; an Institution of America ? A part of any form of government that ever was known or heard of ?"

"I con-sider the cause of this to be," said Pogram, looking round



again, and taking himself up where Martin had interrupted him, "partly jealousy and preju-dice, and partly the nat'ral unfitness of the British people to appreciate the ex-alted Institutions of our native land. I expect Sir," turning to Martin again, "that a gentleman named Chollop happened in upon you during your lo-cation in the town of Eden?"

"Yes," answered Martin; "but my friend can answer this better than I can, for I was very ill at the time. Mark! the gentleman is speaking of Mr. Chollop."

"Oh. Yes Sir. Yes. I see him," observed Mark.

"A splendid example of our na-tive raw material, Sir?" said Pogram, interrogatively.

"Indeed Sir!" cried Mark.

The Honourable Elijah Pogram glanced at his friends as though he would have said, "Observe this! See what follows!" and they rendered tribute to the Pogram genius, by a gentle murmur.

"Our fellow-countryman is a model of a man, quite fresh from Natur's mould!" said Pogram, with enthusiasm. "He is a true-born child of this free hemisphere! Verdant as the mountains of our country; bright and flowing as our mineral Licks; unspiled by withering conventionalities as air our broad and boundless Perearers! Rough he may be. So air our Barrs. Wild he may be. So air our Buffalers. But he is a child of Natur', and a child of Freedom; and his boastful answer to the Despot and the Tyrant is, that his bright home is in the Settin Sun."

Part of this referred to Chollop, and part to a western postmaster, who, being a public defaulter not very long before (a character not at all uncommon in America), had been removed from office; and on whose behalf Mr. Pogram (he voted for Pogram) had thundered the last sentence from his seat in Congress, at the head of an unpopular President. It told brilliantly; for the bystanders were delighted, and one of them said to Martin, "that he guessed he had now seen something of the eloquential aspect of our country, and was chawed up pritty small."

Mr. Pogram waited until his hearers were calm again, before he said to Mark:

"You do not seem to coincide, Sir?"

"Why," said Mark, "I did n't like him much; and that's the truth, Sir. I thought he was a bully; and I did n't admire his carryin' them murderous little persuaders, and being so ready to use 'em."

"It's singler!" said Pogram, lifting his umbrella high enough to look all round from under it. "It's strange! You observe the settled opposition to our institutions which pervades the British mind!"

"What an extraordinary people you are!" cried Martin. "Are Mr. Chollop and the class he represents, an Institution here? Are pistols with revolving barrels, sword-sticks, bowie knives, and such things, Institutions on which you pride yourselves? Are bloody duels, brutal combats, savage assaults, shootings down and stabbing in the streets, your Institutions! Why, I shall hear next, that Dishonour and Fraud are among the Institutions of the great republic!"

The moment the words passed his lips, the Honourable Elijah Pogram looked round again.

"This morbid hatred of our Institutions," he observed, "is quite a study for the psycholological observer. He's alludin to Repudiation now!"

"Oh! You may make anything an Institution if you like," said Martin, laughing, "and I confess you had me there, for you certainly have made that, one. But the greater part of these things are one Institution with us, and we call it by the generic name of Old Bailey!"

The bell being rung for dinner at this moment, everybody ran away into the cabin, whither the Honourable Elijah Pogram fled with such precipitation that he forgot his umbrella was up, and fixed it so tightly in the cabin door that it could neither be let down nor got out. For a minute or so this accident created a perfect rebellion among the hungry passengers behind, who, seeing the dishes and hearing the knives and forks at work, well knew what would happen unless they got there instantly, and were nearly mad: while several virtuous citizens at the table were in deadly peril of choking themselves in their unnatural efforts to get rid of all the meat before these others came.

They carried the umbrella by storm, however, and rushed in at the breach. The Honourable Elijah Pogram and Martin found themselves, after a severe struggle, side by side, as they might have come together in the pit of a London theatre; and for four whole minutes afterwards, Pogram was snapping up great blocks of everything he could get hold of, like a raven. When he had taken this unusually protracted dinner, he began to talk to Martin; and begged him not to have the least delicacy in speaking with perfect freedom to him, for he was a calm philosopher. Which Martin was extremely glad to hear; for he had begun to speculate on Elijah being a disciple of that other school of republican philosophy, whose noble sentiments are carved with knives upon a pupil's body, and written, not with pen and ink, but tar and feathers.

"What do you think of my countrymen who are present, Sir?" inquired Elijah Pogram.

"Oh! very pleasant," said Martin.

They were a very pleasant party. No man had spoken a word; every one had been intent, as usual, on his own private gorging; and the greater part of the company were decidedly dirty feeders.

The Honourable Elijah Pogram looked at Martin as if he thought "You don't mean that, I know!" And he was soon confirmed in this opinion.

Sitting opposite to them was a gentleman in a high state of tobacco, who wore quite a little beard, composed of the overflowings of that weed, as they had dried about his mouth and chin: so common an ornament that it scarcely attracted Martin's observation: but this good citizen, burning to assert his equality against all comers, sucked his knife for some moments, and made a cut with it at the butter, just as Martin was in the act of taking some. There was a juicyness about the deed that might have sickened a scavenger.



When Elijah Pogram (to whom this was an every-day incident) saw that Martin put the plate away, and took no butter, he was quite delighted, and said :

"Well ! The morbid hatred of you British to the Institutions of our country, is as-*ronishin* !"

"Upon my life !" cried Martin, in his turn, "this is the most wonderful community that ever existed. A man deliberately makes a hog of himself, and *that's* an Institution !"

"We have no time to ac-quire forms, Sir," said Elijah Pogram.

"Acquire !" cried Martin. "But it's not a question of acquiring anything. It's a question of losing the natural politeness of a savage, and that instinctive good breeding which admonishes one man not to offend and disgust another. Don't you think that man over the way, for instance, naturally knows better, but considers it a very fine and independent thing to be a brute in small matters ?"

"He is a na-tive of our country, and is nat'rally bright and spry, of course," said Mr. Pogram.

"Now, observe what this comes to, Mr. Pogram," pursued Martin. "The mass of your countrymen begin by stubbornly neglecting little social observances, which have nothing to do with gentility, custom, usage, government, or country, but are acts of common, decent, natural, human politeness. You abet them in this, by resenting all attacks upon their social offences as if they were a beautiful national feature. From disregarding small obligations they come in regular course to disregard great ones ; and so refuse to pay their debts. What they may do, or what they may refuse to do next, I don't know ; but any man may see if he will, that it will be something following in natural succession, and a part of one great growth, which is rotten at the root."

The mind of Mr. Pogram was too philosophical to see this ; so they went on deck again, where, resuming his former post, he chewed until he was in a lethargic state, amounting to insensibility.

After a weary voyage of several days, they came again to that same wharf where Mark had been so nearly left behind on the night of starting for Eden. Captain Kedgick, the landlord, was standing there, and was greatly surprised to see them coming from the boat.

"Why, what the 'tarnal !" cried the captain. "Well ! I do admire at this, I do !"

"We can stay at your house until to-morrow, Captain, I suppose ?" said Martin.

"I reckon you can stay there for a twelvemonth if you like," retorted Kedgick coolly. "But our people won't best like your coming back."

"Won't like it, Captain Kedgick !" said Martin.

"They did ex-pect you was a-going to settle," Kedgick answered, as he shook his head. "They've been took in, you can't deny !"

"What do you mean ?" cried Martin.

"You didn't ought to have received 'em," said the captain. "No you did n't !"

"My good friend," returned Martin, "did I want to receive them ? Was it any act of mine ? Did n't you tell me they would rile up, and

that I should be flayed like a wild cat ; and threaten all kinds of vengeance, if I did n't receive them ?"

"I don't know about that," returned the captain. "But when our people's frills is out, they're starched up pretty stiff, I tell you !"

With that, he fell into the rear to walk with Mark, while Martin and Elijah Pogram went on to the National.

"We've come back alive, you see !" said Mark.

"It ain't the thing I did expect," the captain grumbled. "A man ain't got no right to be a public man, unless he meets the public views. Our fashionable people would n't have attended his le-vee, if they had know'd it."

Nothing mollified the captain, who persisted in taking it very ill that they had not both died in Eden. The boarders at the National felt strongly on the subject too ; but it happened by good fortune that they had not much time to think about this grievance, for it was suddenly determined to pounce upon the Honourable Elijah Pogram, and give *him* a le-vee forthwith.

As the general evening meal of the house was over before the arrival of the boat, Martin, Mark, and Pogram, were taking tea and fixings at the public table by themselves, when the deputation entered, to announce this honour : consisting of six gentlemen boarders, and a very shrill boy.

"Sir !" said the spokesman.

"Mr. Pogram !" cried the shrill boy.

The spokesman thus reminded of the shrill boy's presence, introduced him. "Doctor Ginery Dunkle, Sir. A gentleman of great poetical elements. He has recently jined us here, Sir, and is an acquisition to us, Sir, I do assure you. Yes, Sir. Mr. Jodd, Sir. Mr. Izzard, Sir. Mr. Julius Bib, Sir."

"Julius Washington Merryweather Bib," said the gentleman himself to himself.

"I beg your pardon, Sir. Ex-cuse me. Mr. Julius Washington Merryweather Bib, Sir ; a gentleman in the lumber line, Sir, and much esteemed. Colonel Groper, Sir. Pro-fessor Piper, Sir. My own name, Sir, is Oscar Buffum."

Each man took one slide forward as he was named ; butted at the Honourable Elijah Pogram with his head ; shook hands, and slid back again. The introductions being completed, the spokesman resumed.

"Sir !"

"Mr. Pogram !" cried the shrill boy.

"Perhaps," said the spokesman, with a hopeless look, "you will be so good, Doctor Ginery Dunkle, as to charge yourself with the execution of our little office, Sir ?"

As there was nothing the shrill boy desired more, he immediately stepped forward.

"Mr. Pogram ! Sir ! A handful Of your fellow citizens, Sir, hearing Of your arrival at the National Hotel ; and feeling the patriotic character Of your public services ; wish, Sir, to have the gratification Of beholding you ; and mixing with you, Sir ; and unbending with you, Sir, in those moments which—"



"Air," suggested Buffum.

"Which air so peculiarly the lot, sir, Of our great and happy country."

"Hear!" cried Colonel Groper, in a loud voice. "Good! Hear him! Good!"

"And therefore, Sir," pursued the Doctor, "they request; as A mark Of their respect; the honor of your company at a little le-Vee, Sir, in the ladies' ordinary, at eight o'clock."

Mr. Pogram bowed, and said:

"Fellow countrymen!"

"Good!" cried the Colonel. "Hear him! Good!"

Mr. Pogram bowed to the Colonel individually, and then resumed:

"Your approbation of My labors in the common cause, goes to My heart. At all times and in all places; in the ladies' ordinary, My friends, and in the Battle Field"—

"Good, very good! Hear him! Hear him!" said the Colonel.

"The name Of Pogram will be proud to jine you. And may it, My friends, be written on My tomb, 'He was a member of the Con-gress of our common country, and was ac-Tive in his trust.'"

"The Com-mittee, Sir," said the shrill boy, "will wait upon you at five minutes afore eight. I take My leave, Sir!"

Mr. Pogram shook hands with him, and everybody else, once more; and when they came back again at five minutes before eight, they said, one by one, in a melancholy voice, "How do you do, Sir?" and shook hands with Mr. Pogram all over again, as if he had been abroad for a twelvemonth in the meantime, and they met, now, at a funeral.

But by this time Mr. Pogram had freshened himself up, and had composed his hair and features after the Pogram statue, so that any one with half an eye might cry out, "There he is! as he delivered the Defiance!" The Committee were embellished also; and when they entered the ladies' ordinary in a body, there was much clapping of hands from ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by cries of "Pogram! Pogram!" and some standing up on chairs to see him.

The object of the popular caress looked round the room as he walked up it, and smiled: at the same time observing to the shrill boy, that he knew something of the beauty of the daughters of their common country, but had never seen it in such lustre and perfection as at that moment. Which the shrill boy put in the paper next day; to Elijah Pogram's great surprise.

"We will re-quest you, Sir, if you please," said Buffum, laying hands on Mr. Pogram as if he were taking his measure for a coat, "to stand up with your back agin the wall right in the furthest corner, that there may be more room for our fellow cit-izens. If you could set your back right slap agin that curtain-peg, Sir, keepin your left leg everlastingly behind the stove, we should be fixed quite slick."

Mr. Pogram did as he was told, and wedged himself into such a little corner, that the Pogram statue would'n't have known him.

The entertainments of the evening then began. Gentlemen brought ladies up, and brought themselves up, and brought each other up; and asked Elijah Pogram what he thought of this political question, and

what he thought of that; and looked at him, and looked at one another, and seemed very unhappy indeed. The ladies on the chairs looked at Elijah Pogram through their glasses, and said audibly, "I wish he'd speak. Why don't he speak. Oh, do ask him to speak!" And Elijah Pogram looked sometimes at the ladies and sometimes elsewhere, delivering senatorial opinions, as he was asked for them. But the great end and object of the meeting seemed to be, not to let Elijah Pogram out of the corner on any account: so there they kept him, hard and fast.

A great bustle at the door, in the course of the evening, announced the arrival of some remarkable person; and immediately afterwards an elderly gentleman, much excited, was seen to precipitate himself upon the crowd, and battle his way towards the Honourable Elijah Pogram. Martin, who had found a snug place of observation in a distant corner, where he stood with Mark beside him (for he did not so often forget him now as formerly, though he still did sometimes), thought he knew this gentleman, but had no doubt of it, when he cried as loud as he could, with his eyes starting out of his head:

"Sir, Mrs. Hominy!"

"Lord bless that woman, Mark. She has turned up again!"

"Here she comes, Sir," answered Mr. Tapley. "Pogram knows her. A public character! Always got her eye upon her country, Sir! If that there lady's husband is of my opinion, what a jolly old gentleman he must be!"

A lane was made; and Mrs. Hominy, with the aristocratic stalk, the pocket handkerchief, the clasped hands, and the classical cap, came slowly up it, in a procession of one. Mr. Pogram testified emotions of delight on seeing her, and a general hush prevailed. For it was known that when a woman like Mrs. Hominy encountered a man like Pogram, something interesting must be said.

Their first salutations were exchanged in a voice too low to reach the impatient ears of the throng; but they soon became audible, for Mrs. Hominy felt her position, and knew what was expected of her.

Mrs. H. was hard upon him at first; and put him through a rigid catechism, in reference to a certain vote he had given, which she had found it necessary, as the mother of the modern Gracchi, to deprecate in a line by itself, set up expressly for the purpose in German text. But Mr. Pogram evading it by a well-timed allusion to the star-spangled banner, which, it appeared, had the remarkable peculiarity of flouting the breeze whenever it was hoisted where the wind blew, she forgave him. They now enlarged on certain questions of tariff, commercial treaty, boundary, importation, and exportation, with great effect. And Mrs. Hominy not only talked, as the saying is, like a book, but actually did talk her own books, word for word.

"My! what is this?" cried Mrs. Hominy, opening a little note which was handed her by her excited gentleman-usher. "Do tell! oh, well, now! on'y think!"

And then she read aloud, as follows:

"Two literary ladies present their compliments to the mother of the modern Gracchi, and claim her kind introduction, as their talented



countrywoman, to the honourable (and distinguished) Elijah Pogram, whom the two L.L.'s have often contemplated in the speaking marble of the soul-subduing Chiggle. On a verbal intimation from the mother of the M. G., that she will comply with the request of the two L.L.'s, they will have the immediate pleasure of joining the galaxy assembled to do honour to the patriotic conduct of a Pogram. It may be another bond of union between the two L.L.'s and the mother of the M. G. to observe, that the two L.L.'s are Transcendental."

Mrs. Hominy promptly rose, and proceeded to the door, whence she returned, after a minute's interval, with the two L.L.'s, whom she led, through the lane in the crowd, with all that stateliness of deportment which was so remarkably her own, up to the great Elijah Pogram. It was (as the shrill boy cried out in an ecstasy) quite the Last Scene from *Coriolanus*.

One of the L.L.'s wore a brown wig of uncommon size. Sticking on the forehead of the other, by invisible means, was a massive cameo, in size and shape like the raspberry tart which is ordinarily sold for a penny, representing on its front, the capitol at Washington.

"Miss Toppit, and Miss Codger!" said Mrs. Hominy.

"Codger's the lady so often mentioned in the English newspapers, I should think, Sir," whispered Mark. "The oldest inhabitant, as never remembers anything."

"To be presented to a Pogram," said Miss Codger, "by a Hominy, indeed, a thrilling moment is it in its impressiveness on what we call our feelings. But why we call them so, or why impressed they are, or if impressed they are at all, or if at all we are, or if there really is, oh gasping one! a Pogram or a Hominy, or any active principle, to which we give those titles, is a topic Spirit searching, light abandoned, much too vast to enter on, at this unlooked for crisis."

"Mind and matter," said the lady in the wig, "glide swift into the vortex of immensity. Howls the sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal, in the whispering chambers of Imagination. To hear it, sweet it is. But then, outlaughs the stern philosopher, and saith to the Grotesque, 'What ho! arrest for me that Agency. Go bring it here!' And so the vision fadeth."

After this, they both took Mr. Pogram by the hand, and pressed it to their lips, as a patriotic palm. That homage paid, the mother of the modern Gracchi called for chairs, and the three literary ladies went to work in earnest, to bring poor Pogram out, and make him show himself in all his brilliant colours.

How Pogram got out of his depth instantly, and how the three L.L.'s were never in theirs, is a piece of history not worth recording. Suffice it, that being all four out of their depths, and all unable to swim, they splashed up words in all directions, and floundered about famously. On the whole, it was considered to have been the severest mental exercise ever heard in the National Hotel. Tears stood in the shrill boy's eyes several times; and the whole company observed that their heads ached with the effort—as well they might.

When it at last became necessary to release Elijah Pogram from the

corner, and the Committee saw him safely back again to the next room, they were fervent in their admiration.

"Which," said Mr. Buffum, "must have vent, or it will bust. Toe you, Mr. Pogram, I am grateful. Toe-wards you, Sir, I am inspired with lofty veneration, and with deep e-mo-tion. The sentiment Toe which I would propose to give ex-pression, Sir, is this : 'May you ever be as firm, Sir, as your marble stat-ter ! May it ever be as great a terror Toe its ene-mies as you.'"

There is some reason to suppose that it was rather terrible to its friends ; being a statue of the Elevated or Goblin School, in which the Honourable Elijah Pogram was represented as in a very high wind, with his hair all standing on end, and his nostrils blown wide open. But Mr. Pogram thanked his friend and countryman for the aspiration to which he had given utterance, and the Committee, after another solemn shaking of hands, retired to bed, except the Doctor ; who immediately repaired to the newspaper-office, and there wrote a short poem suggested by the events of the evening, beginning with fourteen stars, and headed, "A Fragment. Suggested by witnessing the Honourable Elijah Pogram engaged in a philosophical disputation with three of Columbia's fairest daughters. By Doctor Ginery Dunkle. Of Troy."

If Pogram was as glad to get to bed as Martin was, he must have been well rewarded for his labours. They started off again next day (Martin and Mark previously disposing of their goods to the storekeepers of whom they had purchased them, for anything they would bring), and were fellow-travellers to within a short distance of New York. When Pogram was about to leave them he grew thoughtful, and after pondering for some time, took Martin aside.

"We air going to part, Sir," said Pogram.

"Pray don't distress yourself," said Martin : "we must bear it."

"It ain't that, Sir," returned Pogram, "not at all. But I should wish you to accept a copy of My oration."

"Thank you," said Martin, "you are very good. I shall be most happy."

"It ain't quite that, Sir, neither," resumed Pogram : "air you bold enough to introduce a copy into your country ?"

"Certainly," said Martin. "Why not ?"

"Its sentiments air strong, Sir," hinted Pogram, darkly.

"That makes no difference," said Martin. "I'll take a dozen if you like."

"No, Sir," retorted Pogram. "Not A dozen. That is more than I require. If you are content to run the hazard, Sir, here is one for your Lord Chancellor," producing it, "and one for Your principal Secretary of State. I should wish them to see it, Sir, as expressing what my opinions air. That they may not plead ignorance at a future time. But don't get into danger, Sir, on my account !"

"There is not the least danger, I assure you," said Martin. So he put the pamphlets in his pocket, and they parted.

Mr. Bevan had written in his letter that at a certain time, which fell out happily just then, he would be at a certain hotel in the city,



anxiously expecting to see them. To this place they repaired without a moment's delay. They had the satisfaction of finding him within ; and of being received, by their good friend, with his own warmth and heartiness.

"I am truly sorry and ashamed," said Martin, "to have begged of you. But look at us. See what we are, and judge to what we are reduced !"

"So far from claiming to have done you any service," returned the other, "I reproach myself with having been, unwittingly, the original cause of your misfortunes. I no more supposed you would go to Eden on such representations as you received ; or, indeed, that you would do anything but be dispossessed, by the readiest means, of your idea that fortunes were so easily made here ; than I thought of going to Eden myself."

"The fact is, I closed with the thing in a mad and sanguine manner," said Martin, "and the less said about it the better for me. Mark, here, hadn't a voice in the matter."

"Well ! But he hadn't a voice in any other matter, had he ?" returned Mr. Bevan : laughing with an air that showed his understanding of Mark and Martin too.

"Not a very powerful one, I am afraid," said Martin with a blush. "But live and learn, Mr. Bevan ! Nearly die and learn : and we learn the quicker."

"Now," said their friend, "about your plans. You mean to return home at once ?"

"Oh, I think so," returned Martin hastily, for he turned pale at the thought of any other suggestion. "That is your opinion too, I hope ?"

"Unquestionably. For I don't know why you ever came here ; though it's not such an unusual case, I am sorry to say, that we need go any further into that. You don't know that the ship in which you came over, with our friend General Fladdock, is in Port ; of course ?"

"Indeed !" said Martin.

"Yes. And is advertised to sail to-morrow."

This was tempting news, but tantalising too : for Martin knew that his getting any employment on board a ship of that class, was hopeless. The money in his pocket would not pay one-fourth of the sum he had already borrowed, and if it had been enough for their passage-money, he could hardly have resolved to spend it. He explained this to Mr. Bevan, and stated what their project was.

"Why, that's as wild as Eden every bit," returned his friend. "You must take your passage like a Christian ; at least, as like a Christian as a fore-cabin passenger can ; and owe me a few more dollars than you intend. If Mark will go down to the ship and see what passengers there are, and finds that you can go in her, without being actually suffocated ; my advice is, go ! You and I will look about us in the meantime (we won't call at the Norris's, unless you like), and we will all three dine together, in the afternoon."

Martin had nothing to express but gratitude, and so it was arranged. But he went out of the room after Mark, and advised him to take their passage in the Screw, though they lay upon the bare deck ; which Mr.

Tapley, who needed no entreaty on the subject, readily promised to do.

When he and Martin met again, and were alone, he was in high spirits, and evidently had something to communicate, in which he gloried very much.

"I've done Mr. Bevan, Sir," said Mark.

"Done Mr. Bevan!" repeated Martin.

"The cook of the Screw went and got married yesterday, Sir," said Mr. Tapley.

Martin looked at him for farther explanation.

"And when I got on board, and the word was passed that it was me," said Mark, "the mate he comes and asks me whether I'd engage to take this said cook's place upon the passage home. 'For you're used to it,' he says: 'you were always a cooking for everybody on your passage out.' And so I was," said Mark, "although I never cooked before, I'll take my oath."

"What did you say?" demanded Martin.

"Say!" cried Mark. "That I'd take anything I could get. 'If that's so,' says the mate, 'why, bring a glass of rum;' which they brought according. And my wages, Sir," said Mark in high glee, "pays your passage; and, I've put the rolling-pin in your berth to take it (its the easy one up in the corner); and there we are, Rule Britannia, and Britons strike home!"

"There never was such a good fellow as you are!" cried Martin, seizing him by the hand. "But what do you mean by 'doing' Mr. Bevan, Mark?"

"Why, don't you see," said Mark. "We don't tell him, you know. We take his money, but we don't spend it, and we don't keep it. What we do is, write him a little note, explaining this engagement, and roll it up, and leave it at the bar, to be given to him after we are gone. Don't you see?"

Martin's delight in this idea was not inferior to Mark's. It was all done as he proposed. They passed a cheerful evening; slept at the hotel; left the letter as arranged; and went off to the ship betimes next morning, with such light hearts, as the weight of their past misery engendered.

"Good bye! a hundred thousand times good bye!" said Martin to their friend. "How shall I remember all your kindness! How shall I ever thank you!"

"If you ever become a rich man, or a powerful one," returned his friend, "you shall try to make your Government more careful of its subjects when they roam abroad to live. Tell it what you know of emigration in your own case, and impress upon it how much suffering may be prevented with a little pains!"

Cheerily lads, cheerily! Anchor weighed. Ship in full sail. Her sturdy bowsprit pointing true to England. America a cloud upon the sea behind them!

"Why Cook! what are you thinking of so steadily?" said Martin.

"Why I was a thinking, Sir," returned Mark, "that if I was a



painter, and was called upon to paint the American Eagle, how should I do it?"

"Paint it as like an Eagle as you could, I suppose."

"No," said Mark. "That would n't do for me, Sir. I should want to draw it like a Bat, for its short-sightedness; like a Bantam, for its bragging; like a Magpie, for its honesty; like a Peacock, for its vanity; like an Ostrich, for its putting its head in the mud, and thinking nobody sees it—"

"And like a Phoenix, for its power of springing from the ashes of its faults and vices, and soaring up anew into the sky!" said Martin. "Well, Mark. Let us hope so."

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

ARRIVING IN ENGLAND, MARTIN WITNESSES A CEREMONY, FROM WHICH HE DERIVES THE CHEERING INFORMATION THAT HE HAS NOT BEEN FORGOTTEN IN HIS ABSENCE.

It was mid-day, and high water in the English port for which the *Screw* was bound, when, borne in gallantly upon the fulness of the tide, she let go her anchor in the river.

Bright as the scene was; fresh, and full of motion; airy, free, and sparkling; it was nothing to the life and exultation in the breasts of the two travellers, at sight of the old churches, roofs, and darkened chimney stacks of Home. The distant roar, that swelled up hoarsely from the busy streets, was music in their ears; the lines of people gazing from the wharves, were friends held dear; the canopy of smoke that overhung the town, was brighter and more beautiful to them, than if the richest silks of Persia had been waving in the air. And though the water, going on its glistening track, turned, ever and again, aside, to dance and sparkle round great ships, and heave them up; and leaped from off the blades of oars, a shower of diving diamonds; and wantoned with the idle boats, and swiftly passed, in many a sportive chase, through obdurate old iron rings, set deep into the stone-work of the quays; not even it, was half so buoyant, and so restless, as their fluttering hearts, when yearning to set foot, once more, on native ground.

A year had passed, since those same spires and roofs had faded from their eyes. It seemed to them a dozen years. Some trifling changes, here and there, they called to mind; and wondered that they were so few and slight. In health and fortune, prospect and resource, they came back poorer men than they had gone away. But it was home. And though home is a name, a word, it is a strong one; stronger than magician ever spoke, or spirit answered to, in strongest conjuration.

Being set ashore, with very little money in their pockets, and no definite plan of operation in their heads, they sought out a cheap tavern, where they regaled upon a smoking steak, and certain flowing mugs of beer, as only men just landed from the sea can revel in the generous

dainties of the earth. When they had feasted, as two grateful-tempered giants might have done, they stirred the fire, drew back the glowing curtain from the window, and making each a sofa for himself, by union of the great unwieldy chairs, gazed blissfully into the street.

Even the street was made a fairy street, by being half hidden in an atmosphere of steak, and strong, stout, stand-up English beer. For on the window-glass hung such a mist, that Mr. Tapley was obliged to rise and wipe it with his handkerchief, before the passengers appeared like common mortals. And even then, a spiral little cloud went curling up from their two glasses of hot grog, which nearly hid them from each other.

It was one of those unaccountable little rooms which are never seen anywhere but in a tavern, and are supposed to have got into taverns by reason of the facilities afforded to the architect for getting drunk while engaged in their construction. It had more corners in it than the brain of an obstinate man; was full of mad closets, into which nothing could be put that was not specially invented and made for that purpose; had mysterious shelvings and bulk-heads, and indications of staircases in the ceiling; and was elaborately provided with a bell that rung in the room itself, about two feet from the handle, and had no connection whatever with any other part of the establishment. It was a little below the pavement, and abutted close upon it; so that passengers grated against the window-panes with their buttons, and scraped it with their baskets; and fearful boys suddenly coming between a thoughtful guest and the light, derided him, or put out their tongues as if he were a physician; or made white knobs on the ends of their noses by flattening the same against the glass, and vanished awfully, like spectres.

Martin and Mark sat looking at the people as they passed, debating every now and then what their first step should be.

"We want to see Miss Mary, of course," said Mark.

"Of course," said Martin. "But I don't know where she is. Not having had the heart to write in our distress—you yourself thought silence most advisable—and consequently, never having heard from her since we left New York the first time, I don't know where she is, my good fellow."

"My opinion is, Sir," returned Mark, "that what we've got to do, is to travel straight to the Dragon. There's no need for you to go there, where you're known, unless you like. You may stop ten mile short of it. I'll go on. Mrs. Lupin will tell me all the news. Mr. Pinch will give me every information that we want: and right glad Mr. Pinch will be to do it. My proposal is: To set off walking this afternoon. To stop when we are tired. To get a lift when we can. To walk when we can't. To do it at once, and do it cheap."

"Unless we do it cheap, we shall have some difficulty in doing it at all," said Martin, pulling out the bank, and telling it over in his hand.

"The greater reason for losing no time, Sir," replied Mark. "Whereas, when you've seen the young lady; and know what state of mind the old gentleman's in, and all about it; then you'll know what to do next."



"No doubt," said Martin. "You are quite right."

They were raising their glasses to their lips, when their hands stopped midway, and their gaze was arrested by a figure, which slowly, very slowly, and reflectively, passed the window at that moment.

Mr. Pecksniff. Placid, calm, but proud. Honestly proud. Dressed with peculiar care, smiling with even more than usual blandness, pondering on the beauties of his art with a mild abstraction from all sordid thoughts, and gently travelling across the disc, as if he were a figure in a magic lantern.

As Mr. Pecksniff passed, a person coming in the opposite direction stopped to look after him with great interest and respect : almost with veneration : and the landlord bouncing out of the house, as if he had seen him too, joined this person, and spoke to him, and shook his head gravely, and looked after Mr. Pecksniff likewise.

Martin and Mark sat staring at each other, as if they could not believe it ; but there stood the landlord, and the other man still. In spite of the indignation with which this glimpse of Mr. Pecksniff had inspired him, Martin could not help laughing heartily. Neither could Mark.

"We must inquire into this !" said Martin. "Ask the landlord in, Mark."

Mr. Tapley retired for that purpose, and immediately returned with their large-headed host in safe convoy.

"Pray landlord !" said Martin, "who is that gentleman who passed just now, and whom you were looking after ?"

The landlord poked the fire as if, in his desire to make the most of his answer, he had become indifferent even to the price of coals ; and putting his hands in his pockets, said, after inflating himself to give still further effect to his reply :

"That, gentlemen, is the great Mr. Pecksniff ! The celebrated architect, gentlemen !"

He looked from one to the other while he said it, as if he were ready to assist the first man who might be overcome by the intelligence.

"The great Mr. Pecksniff, the celebrated architect, gentlemen," said the landlord, "has come down here, to help lay the first stone of a new and splendid public building."

"Is it to be built from his designs?" asked Martin.

"The great Mr. Pecksniff, the celebrated architect, gentlemen," returned the landlord, who seemed to have an unspeakable delight in the repetition of these words, "carried off the First Premium, and will erect the building."

"Who lays the stone?" asked Martin.

"Our member has come down express," returned the landlord. "No scrubs would do for no such a purpose. Nothing less would satisfy our Directors than our member in the House of Commons, who is returned upon the Gentlemanly Interest."

"Which interest is that?" asked Martin.

"What, don't you know!" returned the landlord.

It was quite clear the landlord didn't. They always told him at election

time, that it was the Gentlemanly side, and he immediately put on his top-boots, and voted for it.

"When does the ceremony take place?" asked Martin.

"This day," replied the landlord. Then pulling out his watch, he added impressively, "almost this minute."

Martin hastily inquired whether there was any possibility of getting in to witness it; and finding that there would be no objection to the admittance of any decent person, unless indeed the ground were full, hurried off with Mark, as hard as they could go.

They were fortunate enough to squeeze themselves into a famous corner on the ground, where they could see all that passed, without much dread of being beheld by Mr. Pecksniff in return. They were not a minute too soon, for as they were in the act of congratulating each other, a great noise was heard at some distance, and everybody looked towards the gate. Several ladies prepared their pocket handkerchiefs for waving; and a stray teacher belonging to the charity school being much cheered by mistake, was immensely groaned at when detected.

"Perhaps he has Tom Pinch with him," Martin whispered Mr. Tapley.

"It would be rather too much of a treat for him, wouldn't it, Sir?" whispered Mr. Tapley in return.

There was no time to discuss the probabilities either way, for the charity school, in clean linen, came filing in two and two, so much to the self-approval of all the people present who didn't subscribe to it, that many of them shed tears. A band of music followed, led by a conscientious drummer who never left off. Then came a great many gentlemen with wands in their hands, and bows on their breasts, whose share in the proceedings did not appear to be distinctly laid down, and who trod upon each other, and blocked up the entry for a considerable period. These were followed by the Mayor and Corporation, all clustering round the member for the Gentlemanly Interest; who had the great Mr. Pecksniff, the celebrated architect, on his right hand, and conversed with him familiarly as they came along. Then the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen their hats, and the charity children shrieked, and the member for the Gentlemanly Interest bowed.

Silence being restored, the member for the Gentlemanly Interest rubbed his hands, and wagged his head, and looked about him pleasantly; and there was nothing this member did, at which some lady or other did not burst into an ecstatic waving of her pocket-handkerchief. When he looked up at the stone, they said how graceful! when he peeped into the hole, they said how condescending! when he chatted with the Mayor, they said how easy! when he folded his arms they cried with one accord, how statesman-like!

Mr. Pecksniff was observed too; closely. When he talked to the Mayor, they said, Oh, really, what a courtly man he was! When he laid his hand upon the mason's shoulder, giving him directions, how pleasant his demeanour to the working classes: just the sort of man who made their toil a pleasure to them, poor dear souls!

But now a silver trowel was brought; and when the member for the Gentlemanly Interest, tucking up his coat-sleeve, did a little sleight-of-



hand with the mortar, the air was rent, so loud was the applause. The workman-like manner in which he did it was amazing. No one could conceive where such a gentlemanly creature could have picked the knowledge up.

When he had made a kind of dirt-pie under the direction of the mason, they brought a little vase containing coins, the which the member for the Gentlemanly Interest jingled, as if he were going to conjure. Whereat they said how droll, how cheerful, what a flow of spirits! This put into its place, an ancient scholar read the inscription, which was in Latin: not in English: that would never do. It gave great satisfaction; especially every time there was a good long substantive in the third declension, ablative case, with an adjective to match; at which periods the assembly became very tender, and were much affected.

And now the stone was lowered down into its place, amidst the shouting of the concourse. When it was firmly fixed, the member for the Gentlemanly Interest struck upon it thrice with the handle of the trowel, as if inquiring, with a touch of humour, whether anybody was at home. Mr. Pecksniff then unrolled his Plans (prodigious plans they were), and people gathered round to look at and admire them.

Martin, who had been fretting himself—quite unnecessarily, as Mark thought—during the whole of these proceedings, could no longer restrain his impatience; but stepping forward among several others, looked straight over the shoulder of the unconscious Mr. Pecksniff, at the designs and plans he had unrolled. He returned to Mark, boiling with rage.

"Why, what's the matter, Sir?" cried Mark.

"Matter! This is *my* building."

"Your building, Sir!" said Mark.

"My grammar-school. I invented it. I did it all. He has only put four windows in, the villain, and spoilt it!"

Mark could hardly believe it at first, but being assured that it was really so, actually held him to prevent his interference foolishly, until his temporary heat was past. In the mean time, the member addressed the company on the gratifying deed which he had just performed.

He said that since he had sat in Parliament to represent the Gentlemanly Interest of that town; and he might add, the Lady Interest he hoped, besides (pocket handkerchiefs); it had been his pleasant duty to come among them, and to raise his voice on their behalf in Another Place (pocket handkerchiefs and laughter), often. But he had never come among them, and had never raised his voice, with half such pure, such deep, such unalloyed delight, as now. "The present occasion," he said, "will ever be memorable to me: not only for the reasons I have assigned, but because it has afforded me an opportunity of becoming personally known to a gentleman—"

Here he pointed the trowel at Mr. Pecksniff, who was greeted with vociferous cheering, and laid his hand upon his heart.

"To a gentleman who, I am happy to believe, will reap both distinction and profit from this field: whose fame had previously penetrated to me—as to whose ears has it not!—but whose intellectual countenance I never had the distinguished honor to behold until this day, and whose

intellectual conversation I had never before the improving pleasure to enjoy.

Everybody seemed very glad of this, and applauded more than ever.

"But I hope my Honourable Friend," said the Gentlemanly member—of course he added 'if he will allow me to call him so,' and of course Mr. Pecksniff bowed—"will give me many opportunities of cultivating the knowledge of him; and that I may have the extraordinary gratification of reflecting in after time that I laid on this day two first stones, both belonging to structures which shall last my life!"

Great cheering again. All this time, Martin was cursing Mr. Pecksniff up hill and down dale.

"My friends!" said Mr. Pecksniff, in reply. "My duty is to build, not speak; to act, not talk; to deal with marble, stone, and brick: not language. I am very much affected. God bless you!"

This address, pumped out apparently from Mr. Pecksniff's very heart, brought the enthusiasm to its highest pitch. The pocket handkerchiefs were waved again; the charity children were admonished to grow up Pecksniffs, every boy among them; the corporation, gentlemen with wands, member for the Gentlemanly Interest, all cheered for Mr. Pecksniff. Three cheers for Mr. Pecksniff! Three more for Mr. Pecksniff! Three more for Mr. Pecksniff, gentlemen, if you please! One more, gentlemen, for Mr. Pecksniff, and let it be a good one to finish with!

In short, Mr. Pecksniff was supposed to have done a great work, and was very kindly, courteously, and generously rewarded. When the procession moved away, and Martin and Mark were left almost alone upon the ground, his merits and a desire to acknowledge them formed the common topic. He was only second to the Gentlemanly member.

"Compare that fellow's situation to-day, with ours!" said Martin, bitterly.

"Lord bless you Sir!" cried Mark, "what's the use! Some architects are clever at making foundations, and some architects are clever at building on 'em when they're made. But it'll all come right in the end Sir; it'll all come right!"

"And in the mean time," began Martin.

"In the mean time, as you say Sir, we have a deal to do, and far to go. So sharp's the word, and Jolly!"

"You are the best master in the world, Mark," said Martin, "and I will not be a bad scholar if I can help it, I am resolved! So come! Best foot foremost, old fellow!"



## THE NEW YEAR.

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The year is closed, and at a time like this,  
A word in season may not be amiss.

### TO THE WORLD AT LARGE.

As the present advertisement will fall into the hands of the public at the commencement of a New Year (1844), E. MOSES AND SON, Tailors, Drapers, and Outfitters, 154, MINORIES, and 86, ALDGATE, CITY, would avail themselves of so favourable an opportunity to make a few statements with reference to the year which has just expired, and that which is but just ushered in. On looking back upon the year 1843, the Proprietors are consoled with an inward satisfaction of having done their utmost as tradesmen to merit the approbation of a generous public. They have adopted no changes but such as have had for their especial end the interests of those numerous patrons who favoured E. MOSES AND SON with their approval and support.

The year 1843 has disclosed improvements in the quality and fabrication of attire, too innumerable to mention. Every month has been signalized by some new device—some useful improvement—some valuable addition—some important reduction—and, as a whole, the past year has been altogether without precedent.

While E. MOSES AND SON have thus exerted *themselves* in the Establishment of which they are the alone Proprietors, the *public* have not in the least degree been behindhand with their responding favours, but have kept an even pace with the constant exertions of which E. MOSES AND SON are happy to congratulate themselves at the termination of the past year. Where improvements have been introduced, additional patronage has been awarded. Where reduction in prices has been made, considerable influx of purchasers has been the immediate consequence: and, in every respect, the past year has exceeded in public approbation and favour any which has preceded it. The unprecedented support which E. MOSES AND SON have met with, calls loudly for sincere acknowledgments to the world at large (for the world at large is the only limit to the support which E. MOSES AND SON have received). We might occupy pages in these expressions, but when we say that we exultingly and gratefully offer our thanks, perhaps the public may as fully appreciate the extent and sincerity of our gratitude. But, after all, unless accompanied by continued and further efforts on the part of E. MOSES AND SON, their best offerings in this respect would be but inadequate returns.

Let it be clearly stated, then, that E. MOSES AND SON are deter-

mined to repay their supporters by improvements and reductions never yet made. We are resolved that the year 1844 shall as widely surpass the year which has just elapsed, as the year 1843 excelled *its* predecessor. Extensive purchases have been and will be made—improvements are now being and will yet be projected, such as will render the Establishment of E. MOSES AND SON one from which the public may realise incalculable advantages. With regard to the Stock for the remaining portion of the present season, E. MOSES AND SON can only reiterate the statements of former advertisements.

'Twould much surprise the reader, did he know  
 The many wonders of our famed depôt;  
 The busy scene of trade our house assumes,  
 The piles of cloths that crowd our spacious rooms.  
 Thousands have wonder'd how the fleecy sheep  
 Can manage to supply so huge a heap.  
 Like hills of cloth the woollen stores are laid,  
 At once the boast and wonder of the trade.

From such an immense Stock, unnumbered advantages must accrue, both to the Proprietors and the public. E. MOSES AND SON have an opportunity of trading, such as few can boast of. The use of abundant capital is here strikingly exemplified; and the good arising from such an enormous quantity of Stock must necessarily be sensibly felt. It is here, and here only, that the secret is discovered, why the house of E. MOSES AND SON can provide clothing at so low a charge. Had we not had these advantages, we could never have appeared before the public as we have done. But having had these extraordinary privileges, and possessing them still, we have been, and are still enabled to out-rival all competition.

The reader will perceive from the annexed list, that we have every possible description of clothing requisite for the present season, though so brief a catalogue can do nothing like justice to the almost boundless Stock which we have at present on hand. With a hearty wish that our patrons and the public at large may realise, in every sense of the word, a happy new year,

We subscribe ourselves,

The Public's obedient Servants,

**E. MOSES AND SON,**

*Tailors, Wholesale and Retail Woollen Drapers, Outfitters, and General Warehousemen,*

**154, Minories, and 86, Aldgate,  
 CITY, LONDON.**



*To prevent disappointment, please to observe that our Establishment is closed, from Sunset Friday Evening until Sunset Saturday Evening, when business is resumed until 12 o'clock.*



**BESPOKE DEPARTMENT.****DRESS COATS.**

Super .....	1 12 0
Saxony .....	2 2 0
Imperial, usually called "best" .....	2 10 0
First and Best .....	2 15 0

**FROCK COATS.**

Superfine Frock Coat ..	1 12 0
Saxony ditto .....	2 2 0
Imperial ditto .....	2 10 0
Imperial Super Frock .....	2 15 0
Extra Imperial Saxony Best Manufactured ..	3 3 0

**WINTER, OR OVER COATS.**

Fashionable Taglionis, Velvet Collar and Cuffs ..	1 5 0
Fashionable Codrington, lined throughout Velvet Collar and Cuffs ..	1 8 0
Waterproof Double Milled Tweed, highly recommended, Silk Trimmings ..	1 1 0
Elegant Beaver Coats, made to any pattern, Bound, and in the most approved style ..	2 0 0
Double Milled Cloth Great Coats ..	2 10 0

**TROUSERS.**

Doeskin .....	0 10 0
Superior ditto .....	0 16 0
Ditto best Quality .....	1 1 0
Cassimere ditto .....	0 15 0
Ditto Best Black dress .....	1 6 0
Cotton Cord breeches .....	0 8 0
Woollen ditto ditto .....	0 14 6
Cassimere, any color .....	0 15 0
Best ditto .....	1 2 0
Cassimere Gaiters .....	0 7 0

**WAISTCOATS.**

Rich Washing Satins, warranted to retain their colour ..	0 9 0
Winter and Summer Vests, 7s. each or three for ..	1 0 0
Splendid Satin Vests .....	0 11 0
Or three for .....	1 10 0
Cassimere ditto .....	0 8 0
Fine ditto .....	0 9 6
Genoa Velvet .....	0 18 6

**CLOAKS.**

Plain Cloth Cloak .....	from 1 3 0
Opera ditto .....	1 15 0
Blue Military Spanish .....	2 8 0
Best Superfine ditto .....	3 3 0
Waterproof Camlets, &c. &c., proportionably low.	

**Russians, OR Fur Coats,  
From £2 2s.****LADIES' RIDING HABITS.**

Summer Cloth Habits, with $\frac{1}{2}$ train ..	from 2 0 0
Ditto Cashmere .....	2 15 0
Superior Cloth do. do. ....	3 10 0
Extra do. do. do. ....	4 10 0

**BOYS' CLOTHES.**

Hussar Suit .....	1 8 0
Ditto superior quality .....	1 15 0
Tunic Suit, handsomely braided .....	1 10 0
Do. superior quality, faced with Silk .....	1 18 0

**NAVAL, MILITARY, AND INDIA UNIFORMS.****YEARLY CONTRACTS.****BEST QUALITY MADE.**

Two Suits Best Wool-dyed West of England ..	8 0 0
Three ditto ditto .....	12 0 0
Four ditto ditto .....	15 15 0

**SECOND OR SUPER.**

Two Suits any colour .....	6 10 0
Three ditto .....	9 10 0
Four ditto .....	12 10 0

**LIVERIES.****PAGES.**

Cloth Suit .....	1 7 0
Refine do. ....	1 10 0
Super do. ....	1 19 0

**GROOMS.**

Refine Coat, Vest, Breeches, &c. ....	3 0 0
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**COACHMEN.**

Refine Coat, Vest, Breeches, &c. ....	3 6 0
Super ditto .....	3 10 6

**FOOTMEN.**

Refine Coat, Vest, Breeches, &c. ....	2 15 0
Super ditto .....	3 5 0

**GAMEKEEPERS.**

Shooting Coat, Vest, Breeches, &c. ....	1 6 0
Super ditto .....	1 14 0
Very Best do. Manufactured .....	2 5 0

**SUNDRIES.**

Coachman's Plain Great Coat .....	2 6 0
Superior Quality .....	2 18 0
Footman's Great Coat .....	2 4 0
Superior quality .....	2 14 0
Stable Suits .....	from 0 18 0
Round Waiting Jacket .....	0 5 0
Ditto do. Coatees .....	0 11 6

N.B. The private "Cloth Rooms," to which we have made allusion, may be inspected by any persons who may be curious enough to examine (whether purchasers or not), and that without any objection whatever.

Goods not approved of may be exchanged, or (if preferred) the money will be returned without any objection.

## READY-MADE DEPARTMENT.

### MEN'S WINTER COATS.

Pea Coat .....	from 0 9 0
American ditto .....	0 12 0
Blue Chesterfield velvet trimmed .....	0 10 6
Ditto a better quality, Indigo dye .....	0 15 0
Ditto with Silk Velvet Collar & Cuffs, a very superior article .....	1 6 0
Arab ditto Velvet trimmed .....	0 14 0
Fashionable Blue Taglioni .....	0 9 6
Ditto a better quality edged, &c. ....	0 12 6
Ditto in every variety in plain and mixed } Beavers with Velvet Collars, Cuffs, &c. }	0 18 0
Russian Peltoes, Silk Velvet Collars .....	1 5 0
Petersham Coats .....	0 15 0
Ditto Over ditto .....	0 17 6
Superfine double milled Cloth Great Coats .....	1 12 0
Extra fine ditto .....	2 2 0
Double Breasted Beaver Codrington ....	0 15 0
Ditto a superior article in every variety ..	1 0 0
York Wrapper in every colour and shade ..	0 16 0

### BOYS' WINTER COATS.

Taglioni .....	from 0 6 0
Chesterfield .....	0 7 0
York Wrapper .....	0 10 0

### MEN'S BLOUSES.

Jean, Holland, Grand Drill, Diagonal, &c. ....	from 0 2 3
Ditto superior quality .....	0 3 6
Very best ditto .....	0 4 6
Very superior Winter and Summer Coat ..	0 11 6
Victoria ditto, expressly manufactured for them .....	0 5 6
Winter and Summer York Wrappers .....	0 7 6
Anglo-Saxon cloth, Merinoes and Water-proof Tweed, an Exquisite, Gentlemanly and novel article (registered) ..	0 8 6

### FOR MECHANICS.

#### (MEN.)

Jean Coats .....	from 0 5 6
Beaverteen ditto .....	8 8 0
Flannel Linsey Jackets .....	0 2 7
Beaverteen ditto .....	0 3 6
Moleskin ditto .....	0 5 6

### TROUSERS.

Fustian Trousers .....	from 0 1 10
Beaverteen ditto .....	0 3 0
Moleskin ditto .....	0 4 6
Superior ditto .....	0 5 6
Cloth-finished ditto, a better looking article ..	0 6 6
Plain and Fancy Canton ditto .....	0 5 0
Ditto Drill ditto .....	0 5 0
Plain and Fancy Gambroon .....	from 0 5 9
An endless variety of Plain and Fancy Winter and Summer Trousers, which defy description ..	0 5 0

### BOYS' CLOTHES.

Tunic Suit, neatly braided .....	from 0 16 0
Ditto, a superior quality .....	1 1 0
Hussar Suit, consisting of Jacket, Vest and Trousers .....	0 17 0
Ditto, a superior quality .....	1 1 0

### YOUTHS' CLOAKS.

Camlet, lined .....	from 0 6 0
Cloth, lined .....	0 11 6

### DRESS COATS.

Dress Coat .....	from 1 6 0
Extra ditto .....	1 8 0
Extra Superfine, a most superior coat ..	1 15 0

### FROCK COATS.

Capital Frock .....	from 1 4 0
Extra Fine .....	1 12 0
Extra Super, a splendid Coat .....	1 19 0

### WAISTCOATS.

Roll Collar .....	from 0 1 9
Ditto with removable gilt studs .....	0 2 9
Fashionable Buff Valencia .....	0 3 9
Do. London Printed, elegant patterns ..	0 4 0
Do. Scarlet Lastings .....	0 3 0
Do. do. Figured Valencia and Toilelines ..	0 2 6
Splendid Persian .....	0 5 0
Rich French Tibets .....	0 9 0
Rich Silk Vests .....	0 6 0
Do. Splendid Satin, of novel color & design ..	0 8 6
Do. Rich Silk Velvet .....	0 12 0
Do. do. Plush, &c. ....	0 13 0
Do. Black Cloth .....	0 4 0
Do. do. Cassimere .....	0 6 6

### TROUSERS.

Black Cloth .....	from 0 9 0
Any color .....	0 9 0
Superior ditto .....	0 14 0
Doeskin ditto .....	0 10 0
Buckskin in every variety .....	0 9 0
Plaid and Striped Cassimere .....	0 12 0
Woolen Tweed lined to bottom .....	0 4 6
A Superior article, strongly recommended ..	0 7 0

### FOR MECHANICS.

#### (BOYS.)

Jean Jackets .....	from 0 2 3
Beaverteen ditto .....	0 2 9
Moleskin ditto .....	0 3 3
Cord ditto .....	0 3 6
Cloth ditto .....	0 8 6

### SUITS.

Moleskin Suits .....	from 0 3 9
Cord ditto .....	0 4 0
Geneva Twill Cord do. ....	0 5 6
Do. Hussar do. Jacket, Vest and Trousers ..	0 9 0

### TROUSERS.

Fustian Trousers .....	from 0 1 3
Ditto, lined .....	0 2 0
Cord ditto .....	0 2 9
Fancy ditto, in endless variety .....	0 3 6
Cloth ditto, lined .....	0 8 0
Cloth and Figured Woollen .....	0 6 6

### MOURNING.

A Suit of Mourning, Coat, Vest, & Trousers ..	1 16 0
Super do. do. ....	2 2 0
Best do. do. ....	2 12 0
Boys' do. do. ....	1 1 0
Do. Superior Quality .....	1 6 0

### MACKINTOSH COATS.

These most convenient Articles are sold in every make and quality at 30 per cent. lower than the lowest charges of the lowest houses.

## SPORTING COATS, at 8s. 12s. 15s. & 25s.

**IMPORTANT!**—Every Article is marked in plain figures, from which no abatement can be made.

**Observe—E. MOSES & SON, 154, Minories, and 86, Aldgate, London.**



## New Weekly Newspaper.

*On Saturday, the 6th of January, 1844, will be Published, price 8d., in Sixteen folio pages, containing 48 closely printed columns,*

No. I. OF THE

# MUNICIPAL & POOR LAW GAZETTE, And Local Functionary.

A STAMPED NEWSPAPER OF ALL MATTERS RELATING TO LOCAL JURISDICTION,  
AND OF GENERAL NEWS.

IN 1830, when men in England were generally expecting great political changes, one of the most practical and sagacious of our public men was reproached by his friends that he did not join with them in the discussion of the constitutional questions then in agitation. His reply is very nearly our Text—"LET ME HAVE THE LEGISLATING FOR THE PARISH; I LEAVE TO THE BOYS IN THE DEBATING SOCIETIES THE REMODELLING OF THE CONSTITUTION."

Few persons will readily acquiesce in his conclusion; for comparatively few are aware of the vast extent of interests immediately involved in Local Government; the mass of law to be administered by Local Functionaries; the prodigious number of the functionaries themselves, and the extent of funds which they raise and administer. Those, however, who are practically aware of these facts know, at the same time, that the great offices of the Home Government, with the exception of the Judiciary, are stations, comparatively, of idle show; and that when their occupiers are actively engaged, it is rather in parliamentary warfare than in the administration of Civil Government.

England is governed by an accumulation of laws, exceeding in number and variety those of any other nation: laws of native and of foreign origin; some the growth of times antecedent to our authentic history; the rest the gradual, sometimes the fortuitous, additions of all subsequent periods; the results of general and local customs, and of the fluctuating views of the Legislature during more than a thousand years. So far as these laws depend for their execution on Public Functionaries, they are almost entirely left to Local Officers. England, it is believed, has a greater number of Local Officers than any territory of equal extent. In the

Report on Local Taxation it is shown that the Local Functionaries, mostly of annual appointment, concerned only in imposing, levying, and administering local taxes, greatly exceed 180,000. In a country in which Agriculture, Manufacture and Commerce is so actively carried on, it is obvious that the functions of these officers must be of infinite variety, and their good or bad execution of incalculable interest to the community.

The more this fact is considered, the more will it become apparent that the real Government of the country is carried on by functionaries themselves obscure and unobserved, but the aggregate of whose duties vastly exceeds those of the central Government; and that, embarrassed as they frequently are, for the want of means of occasional information and intercommunication, their action for good and for evil is incomparably greater than that of those high officers whose places attract so much greater a share of public attention.

THE MUNICIPAL & POOR LAW GAZETTE, AND LOCAL FUNCTIONARY is intended to afford a better means of action to this vast local machinery by the diffusion of specific information, applicable to the varying exigencies of the times and occasions. Treatises, it is true, already exist for the Justice of the Peace, the Constable, the Overseer, the Churchwarden, and the Surveyor of Highways; but the best of them are too comprehensive to be mastered by the officers for whose use they are meant; and none of them can possibly anticipate the difficulties to which the changing circumstances of each man's position give rise. The Justice of the Peace, so far as his legal functions are concerned, is constantly supplied with appropriate intelligence; but even he has no periodical adviser upon the other important administrative duties with

which he is invested. The Guardians of Unions have been provided, by three periodical publications, (of which Mr. Mott's "Poor Law Guide" is one,) with a part of the information which we now propose to continue to them in a more comprehensive shape.

But the remaining Local Functionaries of Counties, Cities, Boroughs, Towns, Unions, Parishes, and other districts, are still wholly unprovided with the means of acquiring occasional information, or of extensive communication with each other, or with the general public. This deficiency is the cause of incalculable evil. Valuable experience, gained in one place, is lost to all others: the same difficulty is unsuccessfully encountered again and again, in different localities, before it is found out that a general defect exists in the law, and that a general remedy is required; and when a remedy is devised and sought by one district, it cannot be enforced successfully on the government or legislature, for want of a common recognition of its necessity by other districts, and the consequent absence of co-operation for their common interest.

It is hoped that a *Weekly Paper*, diffusing accurate and appropriate information amongst these various members of our municipal government and the general public, will develop the greatest amount of efficiency in our Local Institutions as they exist; bring to bear a great weight of evidence in support of what is good in those institutions, and suggestive of amendment of what is bad; act on the general government, so as to secure its more active and intelligent concurrence in those matters in which the laws and constitution of the country have given it authority; and, finally, afford to the Legislature the supply of such facts as may enable it to amend defects in our Municipal Constitutions as they arise, and to avoid the ignorant and inconsiderate changes with which our Statute-Book has hitherto teemed.

THE MUNICIPAL & POOR-LAW GAZETTE, AND LOCAL FUNCTIONARY will contain intelligence Parliamentary, Legal, and Statistical, bearing on the administrative concerns of Counties and similar districts, Municipal Corporations, Poor Law Unions, Parishes and Townships, and other Districts formed for special purposes. The subjects it will be chiefly engaged on will be the Security of Person and Property, and the Preservation of the Peace by arrangements of Police-Watch and Ward, and the Local Administration of Justice; the Restraint of Vagrancy, Disorder and Immorality, so far as Local Functionaries are, or are proposed to be, invested

with such duties; Sanitary Arrangements, as relating to Inspection of Houses, Removal of Nuisances and Drainage; the Conservation of Public Roads and Highways, by land and water, including that portion of public rights involved in the constitution of Railway Companies and other similar associations; the Temporal Obligations in respect of the Maintenance of the Church and its Officers; the Administration of the Poor Laws, and of Public Charities; the Administration of Local Trusts for Education; the Levying of Taxes; the Custody of Funds, and Organization of Officers for the execution of these and all other Municipal Functions.


Notices of Publications, bearing on subjects within the scope of the paper, will be written with the most scrupulous care and impartiality.

Mr. MOTT, whose "Poor Law Guide" will be incorporated in this publication, will continue to superintend the Poor Law Department, with the aid of experienced official and legal contributors. The Parliamentary and Legal and Critical Notices will be under the control of Mr. COODE.

The Paper will be so arranged under heads, that each officer may readily refer to whatever concerns himself. Provision is made for answering all questions of a legal character which may arise in the exercise of any officer's duty; and other questions of a more practical kind, if of sufficient general interest, will be printed, for the purpose of eliciting the information of experienced men.

To the discussion of the various subjects thus briefly touched upon, about one half of the Paper will be devoted; the other portion will contain the FOREIGN and DOMESTIC NEWS OF THE WEEK,—thus superseding for its readers the necessity of any other weekly Newspaper.

The Paper will be extensively circulated throughout the United Kingdom, in Towns and in the Country. The officers for whose use it is more immediately intended, not being exclusively officials, but for the most part concerned also in productive, commercial, or professional pursuits, constitute not only a most important class of purchasers, both in their public and in their private capacity, of commodities and services, but also a class whose business it is to supply the various wants of private individuals. The Paper will therefore afford a useful channel for the Advertisements of Contractors, Professional men, Candidates for Office, Publishers, and all persons who wish to address themselves to the very numerous class engaged in local administration.

 The Paper will be published by A. MAXWELL & SON, LAW PUBLISHERS, 32, BELL YARD, LINCOLN'S INN, to whom all communications for the Editor, and Advertisements, are requested to be addressed. Orders may be sent as above, or to any Newsman in town or country.



# PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS PIECE!

## Punch's Holiday Letter!

MY DEAR PUBLIC,—



It is with the most unfeigned satisfaction I now write to apprise you that the completion of my **FIFTH VOLUME** is fixed for Saturday, the 23d instant.

I am happy to inform you that I have again obtained this year the PRIZE for WRITING, and that I have completely beaten MASTER GIBBS in my ARITHMETIC.

The weekly specimens I have sent you of my Drawing, will, I hope, satisfy you of my proficiency in this branch of my studies. Deeply impressed with the parental care you lavish on me, I feel myself bound (in five volumes) to cultivate assiduously those parts (monthly Parts) which you have encouraged me to put forth; and I am preparing to make exertions out of number, which will appear in the numberless Numbers that I intend issuing.

MESSRS. BRADBURY & EVANS, in whose Establishment I am placed, beg leave to present their compliments (of the season) to you, and to call your attention to the fact, that the whole of my valuable lessons are to be learned for the weekly sum of *Three-pence*, which includes WRITING, DRAWING, MORAL PHILOSOPHY, LAW, POETRY, the USE OF THE GLOBES, the ABUSES OF THE WORLD, and the usual BRANCHES—that is to say, SIX ENTIRE LEAVES—OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

On the 16th instant, it is my intention to present you with a **CHRISTMAS PIECE**, which, I trust, will meet your approbation; and, hoping that in the ensuing Holidays we shall have much enjoyment in each other's society,

I remain, dear Public,

Your affectionate

PUNCH.

PUNCH OFFICE, 194, Strand,  
December 12.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that my **ALMANACK** will be ready on the 30th instant, and will be the admiration of the whole World.

Illustrated with One large Engraving, and from Twelve to Twenty smaller ones.



# PUNCH!

Or, The London Charivari.

Published Weekly, price 3d.; Stamped, 4d. A PART is Published every Month, and a VOLUME every Six Months. Four Volumes are already Published. **THE FIFTH VOLUME** will be Published on the 23d December, price 8s.

## PUNCH'S ALMANACK

For 1844,

BRIMFUL OF HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND FUN,

*Will be Published on the 30th instant, price 3d.; Stamped, 4d.*

Just Published, price Half-a-Crown,

*Illustrated with a coloured Frontispiece, Six Steel Engravings by Leech, and numerous Woodcuts,*

## PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK for 1844.

### CONTENTS OF PART I.

THE STATE: The Royal Family—Sovereigns of Europe—The Queen's Ministers—The Queen's Household—Prince Albert's Household—The Queen Dowager's Household—Duchess of Kent's Household—Ambassadors and Ministers Abroad—Ambassadors and Ministers in England. OFFICERS OF STATE: Officers of the House of Commons.—Right of Voting. LAW: Courts of Law—Circuits of the Judges—Rate of Allowance to Witnesses on Trials, &c.—Law Terms and Returns—University Terms—Law and Public Offices, &c.—Acts Regulating Quarter Sessions—Wills—Tenancy. ARMY AND NAVY: Navy and Prize Agents in London. COMMERCE: Bankers in London and Westminster—Transfer Days of the Public Funds—Instructions for Transfer—Interest Tables. CORPORATION of the City of London—Table of Wages—Marketing Tables—Weights and Measures—Taxes—Stamps—Moonlight Night. POST AND TRANSIT: Post-office Regulations. Hackney Coach and Cab Fares—Watermen's Fares—Theatres—Amusements, Exhibitions, &c.—Exhibitions and other Public Places open Gratuitously—Eclipse in 1844—Table of High Water—General Notes for the Year 1844—Almanack—Population of the United Kingdom—Weather Table—Savings Bank Interest Table—Cash Account, &c., &c.

### CONTENTS OF PART II.

An Excursion to the West—Diary and Memoranda—The Return of the Oyster—Aphorisms and Reflections—Methods of Restoring Suspended Animation—The Song of the Potato—Sir Geoffrey de Buggyns: a Fragment—The Days when we went Gipsying—Anecdote of George Selwyn—Habits of Eminent Authors—Desultory Reflections—Answer to the Prize Enigma—Original Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington—Hints to Housekeepers—Anecdote of the Duke of Marlborough—Ode to Intemperance—A Leaf from my Log-book—Useful Chronology—The Captives at Cabool—Wholesomeness of Shell-fish—The Song of the Sensitive Swell—Anecdote of George the Third—How D'ye Do?—The Plain Young Man's Lament—The Rivals—Lays of Old England—Three Chapters on Happiness—Kathleen Mavourneen—Notes of a Naturalist—The Song of the Wild Minstrel—Ode to Temperance—Moral Reflections—Notes of a Journey from Sadler's Wells to Hornsey-wood House—The Old House at Home—Rules for Marketing, &c.—Things worthy of Remembrance—The Carbineer—Recipes for Ladies—Mutual Umbrella and Parasol Assurance Society—The Cookery Book for the Stage—Progress of Science for 1843—The Pet of the Ballet by Daylight—The Pet of the Ballet by Gaslight.

"Right heartily do we welcome our old inveterate joker, come to us so opportunely in this dreadful November weather, which seems made especially for those who try the cold-water cure at Waterloo-bridge. Our friend *Punch* has at least demolished one current saying—'As dull as an old almanack.' There is little dullness in his pages; like good port, his humour improves with age. We really do not remember *Punch* to have been so brilliant as he is in the present work—every date has its joke, every leaf its laugh; it is, indeed, a prime jest-book."—*Weekly Chron.*

PUNCH OFFICE, 194, STRAND; and Sold by all Booksellers.

BRADBURY AND EVANS,]

[PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



# HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

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ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1844, PRICE 2s. 6d.

## HOOD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND

### COMIC MISCELLANY.

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WHATEVER may be thought of Dr. Dickson's theory, that the type of Disease in general is periodical, there can be no doubt of its applicability to Modern Literature, which is essentially Periodical, whether the type be long primer, brevier, or bourgeois. It appears, moreover, by the rapid consumption of Monthlies, compared with the decline of the Annuals, that frequent fits of publication are more prevalent and popular than yearly paroxysms.

Under these circumstances, no apology is necessary for the present undertaking ; but Custom, which exacts an Overture to a new Opera, and a Prologue to a new Play, requires a few words of Introduction to a new Monthly Magazine.

One prominent object, then, of the projected Publication, as implied by the sub-title of "Comic Miscellany," will be the supply of harmless "Mirth for the Million," and light thoughts, to a Public sorely oppressed—if its word be worth a rush, or its complaints of an ounce weight—by hard times, heavy taxes, and those "eating cares" which attend on the securing of food for the day, as well as a provision for the future. For the relief of such afflicted classes, the Editor, assisted by able Humourists, will dispense a series of papers and woodcuts, which it is hoped will cheer the gloom of Willow Walk, and the loneliness of Wilderness Row—sweeten the bitterness of Camomile Street, and Wormwood Street—smoothe the ruffled temper of Cross Street, and enable even Crooked Lane to unbend itself ! It is hardly necessary to promise that this end will be pursued without raising a Maiden Blush, much less a Damask, in the nursery grounds of modesty—or trespassing, by wanton personalities, on the parks and lawns of Private Life. In a word, it will aim at being merry and wise, instead of merry and otherwise.

For the Sedate, there will be papers of a becoming gravity ; and the lover of Poetry will be supplied with numbers in each Number.

As to Politics, the Reader of HOOD'S MAGAZINE will vainly search in its pages for a Panacea for Agricultural Distress, or a Grand Catholicon for Irish Agitation ; he will uselessly seek to know whether we ought to depend for our bread on foreign farmers, or merely on foreign sea-fowl ; or if the Repeal of the Union would produce low rents, and only three quarter days. Neither

must he hope to learn the proper Terminus of Reform, nor even whether a Finality Man means Campbell's Last Man, or an Undertaker.


A total abstinence from such stimulating topics and fermented questions is, indeed, ensured by the established character of the Editor, and his notorious aversion to party spirit. To borrow his own words, from a letter to the Proprietors—"I am no Politician, and far from instructed on those topics which, to parody a common phrase, no gentleman's newspaper should be without. Thus, for any knowledge of mine, the Irish Prosecutions may be for pirating the Irish Melodies; the Pennsylvanians may have repudiated their wives; Duff Green may be a place, like Goose Green; Prince Polignac a dahlia or a carnation, and the Duc de Bordeaux a tulip. The Spanish affairs I could never master, even with a *Pronouncing Dictionary* at my elbow; it would puzzle me to say whether Queen Isabella's majority is or is not equal to Sir Robert Peel's; or if the shelling the Barcelonese was done with bombs and mortars, or the nutcrackers. Prim may be a quaker, and the whole Civil War about the Seville Oranges. Nay, even on domestic matters nearer home, my profound political ignorance leaves me in doubt on questions concerning which the newsmen's boys and printers' devils have formed very decided opinions; for example, whether the Corn Law League ought to extend beyond three miles from Mark Lane—or the Sliding Scale should regulate the charges at the Glaciarium; what share the Welch Whigs have had in the Welch Riots, and how far the Ryots in India were excited by the slaughter of the Brahmin Bull. On all such public subjects I am less *au fait* than that Publicist the Potboy, at the public-house, with the insolvent sign, The Hog in the Pound."

Polemics will be excluded with the same rigour; and especially the Tractarian Schism. The reader of HOOD'S MAGAZINE must not hope, therefore, to be told whether an old Protestant Church ought to be plastered with Roman Cement; or, if a design for a new one should be washed in with Newman's colours. And most egregiously will he be disappointed, should he look for Controversial Theology in our Poet's Corner. He might as well expect to see Queens of Sheba, and divided babies, from wearing Solomon's Spectacles!

For the rest, a critical eye will be kept on our current Literature,—a regretful one on the Drama, and a kind one for the Fine Arts, from whose Artesian Well there will be an occasional *drawing*.

With this brief, explanatory Announcement, HOOD'S MAGAZINE AND COMIC MISCELLANY is left to recommend itself by its own merits to those enlightened judges, the Reviewers; and to that impartial jury—too vast to pack in any case—the British Public.

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 Office, No. 1, Adam-street, Adelphi, where all Orders, Advertisements and Communications for the Editor, are requested to be addressed.



# EAGLE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

3, Crescent, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 1807.

## Directors.

JOHN RICHARDS, Esq. CHAIRMAN.

SIR JAMES Mc GRIGOR, Bart. F.R.S. DEPUTY CHAIRMAN.

RT. HON. SIR GORE OUSELEY, Bart, F.R.S.

SIR ARCHER DENMAN CROFT, Bart.

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WILLIAM WYBROW, Esq.

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TABLES—Shewing what amount the ordinary Premium for £5000. in other Offices, will immediately secure in the Eagle.

MALE TABLE.				FEMALE TABLE.			
AGE	In Offices using the common Northampton Table	For the same Premium may be insured in the Eagle	Fixed, immediate and irrevocable Bonus secured by selection of the Eagle	AGE	In Offices using the common Northampton Table	For the same Premium may be insured in the Eagle.	Fixed, immediate and irrevocable Bonus secured by selection of the Eagle
10	£5000	£5771	£771	20	£5000	£6212	£1212
20	5000	5127	127	30	5000	6188	1188
30	5000	5363	363	40	5000	6174	1174
40	5000	5279	279	50	5000	6045	1045
50	5000	4910	none	60	5000	5558	558

From the distinction of the Sexes, the Tables are so various and voluminous, that it is impossible to insert more than specimens of the decennial periods in this notice, but full details may be known by application at the Office.

A TABLE shewing the Payments required to assure £100. ON THE DEATH OF A MALE.								
AGE next Birth- day.	If within One Year, not renewable	If within Seven Years Ann. Payment renewable for 7 Years only	WHENEVER IT MAY HAPPEN					
			Payable Annually for 5 Years only	Payable Annually for 10 Years only	Payable for the Whole of Life			
					Quarterly	Half-yearly	Yearly	
	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s. d.	
10	0 13 4	0 13 9	8 3 6	4 9 0	0 8 3	0 16 5	1 12 7	
20	1 2 1	1 6 3	9 15 3	5 9 2	0 10 10	1 1 6	2 2 6	
30	1 10 9	1 12 2	10 17 6	5 19 10	0 12 8	1 5 3	2 9 10	
40	1 15 4	1 17 4	12 10 9	6 18 7	0 16 6	1 12 8	3 4 4	
50	2 3 5	2 12 3	14 13 9	8 9 6	1 3 8	2 6 11	4 12 4	
60	3 17 1	4 7 11	17 19 3	10 10 6	1 15 9	3 10 8	6 18 2	

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10	0 13 0	0 13 9	7 8 9	4 0 11	0 7 2	0 14 2	1 8 1	
20	1 1 0	1 5 0	8 15 4	4 16 0	0 8 11	0 17 9	1 15 1	
30	1 7 0	1 8 9	10 0 7	5 10 6	0 11 0	1 1 10	2 3 2	
40	1 13 1	1 13 9	11 13 7	6 8 7	0 14 0	1 7 10	2 15 0	
50	1 15 11	1 17 3	13 15 9	7 13 0	0 19 2	1 18 0	3 15 0	
60	2 15 2	3 7 0	16 17 0	9 11 9	1 9 6	2 18 4	5 14 7	

TABLE of the Annual Payment required to be made during Marriage to secure an Annuity of £100 to the Wife in the event of the decease of the Husband.

The Annuity selected for illustration is £100.; but any less or larger amount may be secured: the rates vary with every combination of Age, The exact amount may be known by communicating to the Office the date of birth of each party. This mode of Assurance is useful where a Widow only is to be provided for.

AGE OF WIFE.	AGE OF HUSBAND.				
	Equal Age with the Wife.	5 Years older than Wife.	10 Years older than Wife.	15 Years older than Wife.	20 Years older than Wife.
20	35 4 6	37 13 8	41 13 3	48 1 5	57 4 5
30	34 17 5	40 4 0	48 3 7	59 16 3	77 17 0
40	33 2 4	47 13 4	63 4 10	83 5 7	107 8 7
50	47 1 11	62 16 1	82 3 2	112 12 3	153 14 2
60	56 3 7	78 6 3	108 13 2	150 16 7	234 13 2

### Form of a Proposal

#### TO THE EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The Name, Residence, and Profession, of the Person in whose behalf the Policy is to be.  
The Name, Residence, and Profession, of the Person whose Life is proposed for Insurance.  
The Place and Date of Birth. Term of the proposed Insurance. Amount.  
The Name and Address of the ordinary Medical Attendant of the Life to be Insured.  
The Name and Address of a private Friend.

These particulars should be transmitted to the Actuary, who will afford any further information which may be required.

The particular rates of Premium for Survivorships, Endowments, Joint Lives, the Ascending Scale, and other Life Contingencies, Forms of Proposal, Declaration, Prospectus, &c.,—may be obtained by personal application at the Office of the Company; or by Letter addressed to the Actuary.

HENRY P. SMITH, *Actuary.*



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30	1 10 9	1 12 2	10 17 6	5 19 10	0 12 8	1 5 3	2 9 10		
40	1 15 4	1 17 4	12 10 9	6 18 7	0 16 6	1 12 8	3 4 4		
50	2 3 5	2 12 3	14 18 9	8 9 6	1 3 8	2 6 11	4 12 4		
60	3 17 1	4 7 11	17 19 3	10 10 6	1 15 9	3 10 8	6 18 2		

ON THE DEATH OF A FEMALE.									
AGE next Birth- day.	If within One Year, not renewable	If within Seven Years Ann. Payment renewable for 7 Years only	WHENEVER IT MAY HAPPEN						
			Payable Annually for 5 Years only	Payable Annually for 10 Years only	Payable for the Whole of Life				
					Quarterly	Half-yearly	Yearly		
	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s. d.		
10	0 13 0	0 13 9	7 8 9	4 0 11	0 7 2	0 14 2	1 8 1		
20	1 1 0	1 5 0	8 15 4	4 16 0	0 8 11	0 17 9	1 15 1		
30	1 7 0	1 8 9	10 0 7	5 10 6	0 11 0	1 1 10	2 3 2		
40	1 13 1	1 13 9	11 13 7	6 8 7	0 14 0	1 7 10	2 15 0		
50	1 15 11	1 17 3	13 15 9	7 13 0	0 19 2	1 18 0	3 15 0		
60	2 15 2	3 7 0	16 17 0	9 11 9	1 9 6	2 18 4	5 14 7		

TABLE of the Annual Payment required to be made during Marriage to secure an Annuity of £100 to the Wife in the event of the decease of the Husband.

The Annuity selected for illustration is £100.; but any less or larger amount may be secured: the rates vary with every combination of Age, The exact amount may be known by communicating to the Office the date of birth of each party. This mode of Assurance is useful where a Widow only is to be provided for.

AGE of WIFE.	AGE OF HUSBAND.				
	Equal Age with the Wife.	5 Years older than Wife.	10 Years older than Wife.	15 Years older than Wife.	20 Years older than Wife.
20	35 4 6	37 13 8	41 13 3	48 1 5	57 4 5
30	34 17 5	40 4 0	48 3 7	59 16 3	77 17 0
40	38 2 4	47 13 4	63 4 10	83 5 7	107 8 7
50	47 1 11	62 16 1	82 3 2	112 12 3	153 14 2
60	56 3 7	78 6 3	108 13 2	150 16 7	234 13 2

## Form of a Proposal

### TO THE EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

*The Name, Residence, and Profession, of the Person in whose behalf the Policy is to be.*

*The Name, Residence, and Profession, of the Person whose Life is proposed for Insurance.*

*The Place and Date of Birth. Term of the proposed Insurance. Amount.*

*The Name and Address of the ordinary Medical Attendant of the Life to be Insured.*

*The Name and Address of a private Friend.*

These particulars should be transmitted to the Actuary, who will afford any further information which may be required.

The particular rates of Premium for Survivorships, Endowments, Joint Lives, the Ascending Scale, and other Life Contingencies, Forms of Proposal, Declaration, Prospectus, &c.,—may be obtained by personal application at the Office of the Company; or by Letter addressed to the Actuary.

HENRY P. SMITH, *Actuary.*



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A comparative view of the few following Rules is given as a specimen; for it is by comparing things together that we come to see the difference.

## Mr. Murray's Rules.

Rule II.—Two or more nouns, &c. in the singular number, joined together by a \*copulative conjunction expressed or understood, must have verbs, nouns, and pronouns, agreeing with them in the plural number: as, "Socrates and Plato *were* wise; *they* were the most eminent philosophers of Greece." "The sun that rolls over our heads, the food that we receive, the rest that we enjoy, daily *admonish* us of a superior and superintending power."

\* This rule is not only *vague*, but *incorrect*; for *a* means *any one*; now *any* copulative conjunction will not combine the agency of *two or more* into *one*: none but *and* will do that.

Rule III.—The conjunction disjunctive has an effect contrary to that of the conjunction copulative; for as the verb, noun, or pronoun, is referred to the preceding terms taken separately, it must be in the singular number; as, "Ignorance or negligence *has* caused this mistake;" "John, James, or Joseph, *intends* to accompany me;" There *is* in many minds, neither knowledge nor understanding.\*—p. 146.

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Rule XIX.—Some conjunctions require the indicative, some the subjunctive mood, after them. It is a general rule, that when something contingent or doubtful is implied, the subjunctive ought to be used; as, “If I were to write, he would not regard it;” “He will not be pardoned unless he repent.”

Conjunctions that are of a positive and absolute † nature, require the indicative mood; “As virtue advances, so vice recedes;” “He is healthy, because he is temperate.”—p. 195.

† It is easy to define Contingency and Futurity, but who can explain what a Positive and Absolute conjunction is?

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When contingency and futurity are not implied, the indicative ought to be used; as, If he speaks as he thinks he may safely be trusted.—p. 89.

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THE leading features of the system developed in these books are :—

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2. The height, breadth, and slope of the letters, the relative distance between them, and the fulness of the down strokes, are clearly indicated.
3. The exercises are arranged progressively, leading step by step from the simple elements of letters, to a rapid Current-hand.

The object the Author has had in view is twofold: first, to diminish the labour of teachers; secondly, to obviate the difficulties which impede the progress of learners; by furnishing a simple and effective System, whereby the art of Writing may be speedily and perfectly acquired.

1. It would be a work of supererogation to point out the waste of time and labour which occurs where copies have to be set, or the interruption and delays where copy-slips are used. It would be needless, too, to dwell on the advantages to the learner of having a silent monitor to *guide* him when the teacher, in his progress of inspection, has passed round the school-room.

2. A saving of time, labour, and money cannot fail to be effected by this system—based as it is on natural and philosophical principles—simple and uniform in its operation. In confirmation of this, we have but to consider what writing is, and by what means it is accomplished. Writing is mainly a mechanical art, and consists in imitating a few simple forms through the instrumentality of the *hand* and *eye*:—in order to write well, the eye must obtain an accurate knowledge of what the hand is to perform, and the hand must be so disciplined

as to fulfil with exactness the commands of the eye. The education of the eye is the more perfectly accomplished the more frequently and attentively it is brought to fix itself on the form to be imitated. Now it is well known that, by the usual process of instruction, the child cannot be induced to advert constantly, regularly, and unremittingly, to the copy placed before him. He merely glances at it, and then continues to imitate his own imperfect letters; each succeeding line being worse than the former. But upon the plan recommended by Locke, which forms the basis of this system, the copy is directly under the eye; the pupil is therefore compelled to fix his attention on the letter to be imitated.

The second instrument, and incalculably the most difficult to train, is the hand. The hand acquires facility of execution only by practice; that is, by repeated acts; and if those acts are performed incorrectly, bad habits will be generated, which not only delay, but obstruct progress, and cause a double expenditure of time and trouble; for experience abundantly proves that it takes twice as long to unlearn a bad habit, as it does to form a good one.—The irksome task of learning and unlearning must inevitably be gone through by the ordinary mode of teaching Writing. The defect is inherent in the very nature of the process; for, previous to imitating any exact form correctly, there is a preliminary requisite to be attained; that is, the power of managing the pen. Now this step is invariably omitted; or what is worse, the child is required to attend to several things at one and the same time,—the position of the body, pen, and paper; the movement of the fingers; the fulness, height, width, slope, and junction of the letters; and the uniformity of the turns: all of which are more or less difficult;—it naturally follows that no one of them is learned well or easily. Bad habits are formed at the outset, years of time and labour are wasted in imperfect attempts, and nine times out of ten the result is unsatisfactory.

“I have found,” says a quaint old writer, “and who indeed finds not the same? that when a child is at first rightly and thoroughly GROUND<sup>d</sup>, the rest of the work goes on with readiness, with ease, with speed, and with assurance; so, when he is ill-grounded, all fall out contrarywise; much labour and much patience of the master, and much diligence and industry of the scholar, will hardly be able to rescue him from the mischievous consequences of previous ill-grounding. TIMOTHEUS, the music master, seems to me to have been much in the right of it, when demanding double pay for one that had been initiated into that art under another, he gave this for the reason of it: because he was at double pains, the one of *unteaching* him what he had learned wrong, and the other of *teaching* him that which he should learn right. Nay, so powerful is ill habit when once it hath got hold, and so difficult to be eradicated, that it is much harder to unteach the wrong, than to teach the right.”

In the system under consideration these defects are remedied. The child's attention is directed, first to the development and discipline of the muscular powers of the hand. This object is easily and effectually accomplished by tracing



over pencilled exercises on a large scale. The guidance is confined chiefly to the initiatory stages, and is gradually omitted, so that as soon as he gains the requisite degree of facility in the use of the pen, he is required to test his skill and judgment by forming letters from imitation merely. Thus bad habits are *prevented*; much time, labour, and expense saved; and the acquisition of a free, flowing, elegant hand-writing infallibly secured.

The course of instruction is divided into three stages:—The first is designed to discipline the muscular powers of the hand, and to establish a correct habit of holding and conducting the pen—simply as a preparatory step;—the second, to teach the formation and combination of letters;—the third, for practice; consisting of alphabetical copies in large text, text, round, and current-hand.

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PART V. Is a continuation of PART IV., the lessons being more difficult.

PART VI. Consists of progressive lessons in LARGE TEXT, composed of long and short letters in combination.

PART VII. Is mainly a reiteration of PART VI.; but the exercises are more difficult.

PART VIII. Consists of a complete set of LARGE-TEXT copies—single words.

PART IX. Consists of initiatory lessons in TEXT-HAND and FIGURES.


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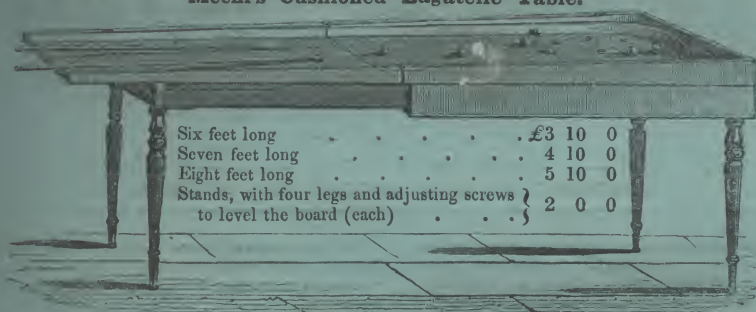
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